



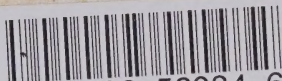
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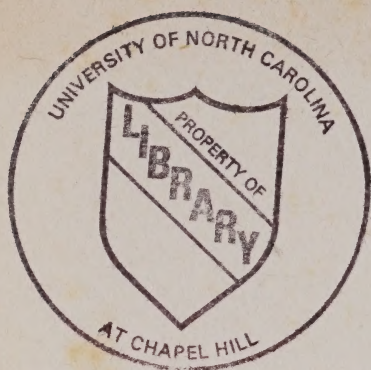
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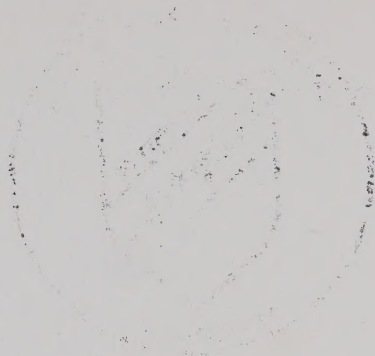






*Anti-Christ in Egypt.*









CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

# ANTI-CHRIST IN EGYPT.

BY

W. N. WILLIS.

AUTHOR OF

**"The Crime of Silence: about the Hidden Plague."**

**"The White Slaves of London."**

**"White Slaves in a Piccadilly Flat."**

**"Why Girls Go Wrong."**

**"Western Men with Eastern Morals."**

**"What Germany Wants."**

**"The White Slaves of Toil."**

AND CO-AUTHOR OF

**"The White Slave Market," etc., etc.**

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“ Were such things here as we do speak about,  
Or have we eaten of the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner ? ”

MACBETH, Act I., Scene III.



## PRONOUNCEMENTS.

The following pronouncements by distinguished prelates and eminent clergymen will, let us hope, emphasise with redundant force the urgency of Mr. Willis' public writings, all of which tend to lay bare the horrors of a commercialised traffic in women and girls which, when the facts are broadly known, should shock Christendom.

At the Convocation of York, which sat on the 24th day of April last year, the Venerable Archdeacon Mackarness moved the adoption of the report on moral corruption and social life to be read as follows :—

“ The Committee met on Tuesday, February 18th, 1913, at St. William's College, and beg to present to the House the following interim report : They desire to impress upon the House the urgent need of further legislation dealing with the so-called White Slave Traffic. Thankful as all true Christians must be for what has already been effected by the recent Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1912, the Committee feel strongly that more strenuous action should be taken in the direction of the better housing of the poor, higher wages for women workers, stricter surveillance of licensed premises and tea-rooms, and the imposition of severe penalties for the sale of

## PRONOUNCEMENTS.

contraconceptives in chemists' shops. Such books as "The White Slaves of London," by W. N. Willis, and "The White Slave Market," by Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy and W. N. Willis, reveal a moral cancer eating out the heart of Christian England, which cries loudly for patient and thorough investigation and reform."

*The Convocation adopted the report.*

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON, D.D.:

"The trade has flourished, not so much from the wickedness of the bad as from the ignorance and apathy of the good, and it is time that men's and women's eyes were opened to what is taking place in their midst."

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN, D.D.:

"In attacking this gigantic evil which has entrenched itself in our midst, the Church Militant is seriously hampered and hindered (1) by the ignorance and (2) by the cowardice of many of its members.

"The ignorance is astounding, and must be dispelled by every means in our power. My experience in great centres of population confirms the conviction long formed, that, in regard to the inroads of organised vice, a large proportion of our people are simply living in a 'fool's paradise,' and so the insidious evil spreads. But the cowardice is even more culpable than the ignorance. Many are afraid to 'speak out' and openly condemn what they know exists as the most degrading and disgusting

## PRONOUNCEMENTS.

traffic in human life. The conspiracy of silence is, in my opinion, criminal. Until we cease singing 'Hold the Fort' and translate into action 'Marching as to War,' the forces of impurity will continue to advance.

"More aggressive work is demanded of the Church by her Lord, and your suggestion of women police is both excellent and practical. At any rate, from what I have seen of your book, it will greatly help to remove the ignorance and dispel the cowardice which, alas! are so widespread in our midst and which simply contribute to the advance of devilish powers."

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS, D.D.:

"I wish you all possible success in your effort to stop the appalling traffic in young girls, which is a national disgrace."

THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, D.D., HON. CHAPLAIN TO KING GEORGE V. and for nearly a quarter of a century ARCHDEACON OF LONDON AND CANON OF ST. PAUL'S:

"In every city there are traps and dangers for young women, and it has probably been too much the custom to pass them over in silence, and leave them to the authorities. So it has happened that these perils have been but little known or realised.

"I trust this and your other writings will have a permanent effect in purifying the life of the great cities, and I take it as a good omen that you have been publicly thanked by the Convocation of York."



PRONOUNCEMENTS.

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, D.D. :

Hopes "that the sin and shame of the White Slave Traffic may be done away with in this country and throughout the world."

THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE'S  
CHAPLAIN writes :

"The Bishop has, I need not add, warm sympathy with every effort to suppress the evil of which your book treats."

THIS BOOK  
IS, WITH ALL RESPECTFUL DUTY,  
DEDICATED  
TO THE  
BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF ENGLAND

In the fervent hope that the awful truths it lays bare may awaken their sympathy on behalf of the children of Egypt, and that they will demand from every Christian pulpit in the kingdom that the laws of God and humanity shall govern the helpless people who are now being submerged, morally and physically, in a riot of commercialised vice which, for refined brutality, out-Neros Nero's anti-Christian atrocities.

Many persons will say, "Do not stir the Lake of Camarina," but sane men and women will reply, "Why not? If the Lake of Camarina be a pestilent, stagnant morass and a danger to the public, then let it be stirred to its loathsome depths, although its nauseating odours disgust and repel."

In the past, false modesty and a nervous fear that a full, detailed knowledge of vice may be harmful, rather than beneficent, have done much to hide foul plague-spots from the public view. But, although hidden, these plague-spots are still at their deadly work of contamination.

A season of sanity should now set in, that the cesspools of vice may be cleansed and kept clean.

## DEDICATION.

If once the open light of healthy publicity be thrown on the subject, ignorance and apathy will be killed, and the unclean thing will disappear.

The Church of Christ must take the lead. The people, whose hearts and minds are yearning for things better and purer, will joyfully follow. Will the Church accept this work? The Bishop of London has said that if religious London says "Yes," no set of living men dare say "No." Then let religious England say "Yes," and, with Voltaire, exclaim,  
*Écrasez l'infame!*



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“ This book is writ in such a dialect  
As may the minds of listless men affect ;  
It seems a novelty, and yet contains  
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel strains ;  
Oh, then, come hither, lay my book,  
Thy head and heart together.”

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

## CHAPTER I.

### LORD KITCHENER'S TASK IN EGYPT.

When the hero of the Soudan was appointed to control Egypt in the name of Great Britain, the imagination of men was stirred. There has ever been a fascination attached to the name of Kitchener, from the very beginning of the dark days of the Soudan—when the avenger of Gordon broke the power of the Mahdi and added the Soudan with its vast territorial and potential wealth, under an Anglo-Egyptian understanding, to Egypt proper—right on through the Boer War in South Africa, and still on to his great work in India, when he broke down the convention of coteries and cliques in placing the Indian Army on a sound and businesslike basis.

During all those years of toil that knew no rest, the name of Kitchener was firmly established in the minds of men, and he was regarded as the stormy petrel of the officialdom of the British nation. His appointment to Egypt came as glad tidings to all true Imperialists, whilst it afforded fuel to feed a flame of contumely that was ever kept alight before the public by the Empire's enemies, who proclaim Kitchener to be a man of blood and iron, a machine for destruction, an unsympathetic human phenomenon without a heart for pity or remorse.

Thus, Kitchener's appointment to Egypt set all the component parts of diversified national opinion in full working order, and friends and foes alike—whether regarding him as man, genius, or devil—expected something to happen when he entered into full authority in the Land of the Pharaohs.

Would the iron hand be covered with a velvet glove, or would the deadly guns of war be masked with silken trappings? Thus men mused whilst Kitchener went his way and arrived in Egypt unheralded and almost unattended, and presented his credentials to the Khedive with a hearty Irish handshake, a jovial remark, a good laugh, and a friendliness and freedom which disarmed suspicion.

The first day his lordship began the work of his mission, the gaping, wondering world was amazed that nothing took place. In Egypt itself business was almost suspended, for men gathered at the restaurants and elsewhere to talk only of the arrival of the Soudan hero as British *charge d'affaires* in Egypt.

On the second day of his lordship's administration, something *did* take place. Something happened to two native newspapers that had been virulent in their attacks on Britain and all things British. They were, I am informed, receiving sympathy and support in their attacks from a power unfriendly to Britain. Lord Kitchener closed their offices. This is all that happened the second day.

The Nationalists were alarmed. They saw nothing in their mind's eye but the iron hand of Kitchener, without even a velvet glove; they heard, or thought



they heard, through the walls of the palace that housed the Soudan hero, the throbbings of the infernal machine sent to Egypt to destroy them. They were cowed and afraid.

The mass of the people, however, were glad, and on the third day of his arrival commenced to breathe in a clearer atmosphere. The shackles that had bound them fast to the Nationalists' tyranny were being loosened as though by magic. The magnetic centre from which these currents of hope and fear had been sent through the hearts of men throughout Egypt was the master mind within the walls of the British Residency in the ancient city of Cairo.

Notwithstanding the splendid work accomplished by Lord Cromer—whose financial genius saved Egypt from bankruptcy, and redeemed the land from the tentacles of its creditors and made it self-supporting—notwithstanding all the marked achievement of this great proconsul for the stability and financial soundness of Egypt, the stubborn fact remains that during the four years preceding the arrival of Lord Kitchener in Egypt, the worst exhibitions of racial rancour, religious hatred, anti-Christian spleen, and anti-everything-that-was-European (especially British) were indulged in without let or hindrance by the young Egyptians—Nationalists they called themselves—throughout the country.

The Nationalists were a deadly and dominant power in Egypt. They controlled everything worth controlling, from the servants of the Khedive to the policemen who patrolled the streets. They spread

poisonous sedition throughout the Army, their evil machinations permeated the Press in the form of well-hatched fables and subtly-incubated lies. They terrorised peaceful citizens, they brow-beat, bullied, and "bounced" honest men, they blackmailed traders for funds to support their machinations and invigorate their campaign of calumny, they intimidated the weak, and generally ruled with that merciless rule of terror characteristic of mobs with power. Almost daily they assembled *en masse* at Alexandria and Cairo, and marched through the streets with bands playing and flags flying, carrying anti-English ensigns and singing Arabic songs that were the reverse of complimentary to the British.

In the public squares of these towns their leather-lunged orators or leaders frothily declaimed against the "perfidious Briton." They loudly demanded the withdrawal of the army of occupation, they raved about "an Egypt for the Egyptians" and vowed vengeance on all decent men and women who stood aloof and refused to support, with money or lungs, the Nationalist cause. The timid were terrified and the grave were grieved, for the country was apparently handed over to mob rule. Neither life nor property was safe, and the spectre of anarchy hovered on the horizon of affairs Egyptian. The Nationalist daily papers teemed with venomous attacks on "the nation of shopkeepers," and used every means possible to heat our enemies and cool our friends.

They had their club in the centre of Cairo, and it was crowded night and day with "ready made",

agitators, who fell over each other in their anxiety to do something for the cause, providing that that something incidentally kept them out of gaol and free from hard labour. Indeed, agitation was for the time being the only industry in the country worth bothering about. Young men were becoming affluent on it, the agitators' funds were buoyant, law and order were dead—or almost dead—while intimidation, blackmail, and tyranny were fast taking their place. The paid “patriots” demanded and received support by way of blackmail, or cash offerings from thousands of decent citizens as toll-money for immunity from attack. British officers and trusted public servants were openly insulted; the shopkeeper who found a place over his door for a sign which read, “English Store,” was compelled, under pains and penalties, to obliterate the words “English Store,” and paint in its stead “Egyptian Store.”

Under the rule of the “patriots” nothing was safe; no man's goods and chattels were his own. Disorder reigned everywhere when Lord Kitchener arrived in Egypt.

The wildest prophecies were now sent throughout the land as to Kitchener's real mission. The iron hand was depicted without any “velvet glove”—a rule of brute force by the man of blood and iron was foretold by the creatures who, up to that point, had lived and thrived on the red-hot iron of disorder.

But, alas, for the futility of the fantastic creations of the distempered brain when men's minds are on the tip-toe of expectancy of some foreboding evil.

Lord Kitchener did nothing but sit tight and firm in his seat of authority. The doors of the Residency were thrown open so that all manner of men might enter and lay bare their grievances. Gradually the people began to understand that there was no iron hand, and that the necessity for the velvet glove did not exist.

Kitchener was free, open, and frank. He discussed the troubles of the poorest man in the land with the same thoroughness as he prepared his mission to break the power of the Mahdi in the Soudan. He rode, drove, or walked about the public streets unescorted, and mixed with all manner of men. The people took heart of grace, and cast off the Nationalists' chains. Many of the ringleaders of the Nationalists took flight, others sought congenial occupations, and gradually, but very surely, the whole of this great Nationalist power that had dominated Egypt and terrorised the people was scattered and disappeared, as dead leaves are scattered before the autumn winds and are blown into space. The Nationalists' power was broken by the very presence in Egypt of Lord Kitchener, who guaranteed security, peace, and liberty for every man and woman in the country. The subscriptions to the Nationalists' funds fell off, the agitators' salaries became overdue, the fighting treasury chest that once flowed over with the offerings of frightened citizens was now empty, and the Nationalist Club became as deserted as though plague-stricken. During the daylight the club's doors were closed, while at night a dim light flickered from the top storey, as evidence that



conspiracy against the well-being of the nation was not quite dead, for half-a-dozen restless spirits still met there to plot and plan.

In spite of these flickerings of Nationalism, the Nationalist cause, with its association with all that was detrimental to the best interests of Egypt, had been seized with the "Kitchener palsy." Root, branch, and stem of the unwholesome growth were decaying before the wholesome, free, and just régime established by Kitchener. Then the death blow came to the Nationalists when their newspapers stopped issuing and the bailiff seized the club's furniture and effects, selling them by auction to balance a much overdue rent account. Thus the shackles were at last loosened from the limbs of the people, who inwardly and openly thanked the god of their ancestors for having sent their deliverer, Lord Kitchener.

Yet Kitchener did nothing that any well-trained Britisher would not do under the circumstances. The man of iron who had become one of the first great generals of modern times, was now fast becoming one of the greatest civil administrators of the British Empire. He knew the land he was governing, its people, its traditions, and its aspirations. He spoke to the people in their own language like a native, he laughed happily when they laughed, he consoled with them like a kind parent when sorrow reached their hearts; indeed, the Egyptian proper—that is, the man who toils and keeps Egypt going and who begets children to leave his mark on the land of his fathers—simply worships Kitchener, and looks upon

his words and deeds as emanating from a source that can do no wrong. When Kitchener travels abroad unheralded or unattended, the *fellahs* crowd at every railway station or stopping place to meet their Egyptian god—Kitchener.

I am told by one to be relied upon that some of these meetings by the wayside or railway stations are quite unique, inasmuch as the poorest toiler in the land has an opportunity offered him or her to approach the British agent and personally explain troubles and worries.

Kitchener replies in their own tongue, talking like a native, laughing and chatting, coaxing, soothing, advising, and helping the toilers, like a kind and indulgent father. Indeed, so securely has Lord Kitchener's name been implanted in the hearts of the people from one end of Egypt to the other, that the toilers affectionately term him "Our Father." If anything goes wrong with their crops or their fields, if they are being oppressed by local martinets who exercise a little brief authority, the men of the land will relieve their pent-up indignation by exclaiming, "'Our Father' shall know of this. Woe to your officials reared in a corrupt groove. Woe to you when your conduct is brought before 'Our Father.'"

And, strange as it may seem, they *do* bring their little troubles before Kitchener, and, *a thousand times stranger it may appear to those who do not know the man, Kitchener investigates the smallest complaints, and distributes justice in cases which in England would be considered trivial.*

The *fellah* on the land is, generally speaking, a simple-minded, easily-led, easily-persuaded, trusting sort of man. If he has £10 or £20 by him—say, the result of a good harvest—his nerves trouble him until he gets rid of it. In his opinion he *must* go to Cairo and spend it, or he *must* buy presents for his children and give his newly-married daughter a promised sewing-machine; in fact, he must do something to get rid of the money. If he has no money by him, he still wants to make presents and buy things, simply because some adventurers in the country who are not Egyptians, and who have never worked and never will, offer to lend him £40 or £50 at an interest that would make even the departed Mr. Shylock blush. Of course, the travelling philanthropist requires security as a mere formality. By this means, hundreds and hundreds of hard-working, honest Egyptians have been induced to sign a bond to the usurer, giving mortgages over their valuable farms. To secure the loan, an interest from one hundred to five hundred per cent. is paid. Of course, disaster follows. Many of the farms are sold up, and the sons of toil thrown upon the wayside.

Kitchener stopped this legalised robbery by invalidating all securities that were taken over in such an unconscionable manner. The *fellah's* home—that is to say, his four acres of land, house, furniture, and all working implements—could not be legally sold up to liquidate any loan or debt. Of course the moneylender from Turkey, Greece, or Russia fumed and foamed at what he termed an injustice,

but the Egyptian sun still travels to the west of the Pyramids, and the protected farmer still worships Kitchener as his "father." This is one side of the problem of Kitchener's dealing with the poor Egyptian. The other side is not so rosy, because his Lordship has to rule a different class when he deals with the young Egyptian—the half-educated, wholly important, and highly superficial young gentleman who will not work himself, nor allow anyone else to work if he can prevent it.

Those half-educated young men with a very dim knowledge of the laws governing such countries as France, England, Germany, or America, are in a very small minority, but when the Nationalist movement was full of vitality they were very pliant material for agitators and paid patriots, who moulded the foolish youths to their own will and pleasure. However, they are gradually being educated to the facts that disjointed platitudes, misquoted and wilfully misinterpreted Biblical phrases, and the right of every man to do no work and have a servant to help him, do not, in these days of practical politics, count for much.

I held conversation with one of these young gentlemen whom I met quite accidentally in the Minister's ante-room at Cairo. We were both waiting to see the Minister, so I opened the conversation by asking him if he were an Egyptian. He acknowledged that he was, but said he had been educated in England.

"Kitchener is doing good work," I casually remarked.

"Perhaps," he replied.

"But," I pressed, "is he not starting great irrigation works and settling the toilers on the land in security and comfort?"

"Perhaps," he replied again.

"And is he not now giving you a free and untrammelled Parliament?"

"Perhaps," he replied.

"Are you not now free and untrammelled, because of British interference on your behalf? Can't you buy where you will, sell when you like, work out your own destiny in your own way, become great and powerful as a nation among nations under the protection and support of Great Britain, which wants to bring you into the well-ordered fold with South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, etc.? The protection and prestige of Great Britain does not cost you a brass farthing. So what have you got to grumble about?"

"We should like to be altogether free from foreign interference," he said, after some hesitation.

"A very laudable idea," I replied, "but if Great Britain removed her troops from the land and shook the dust of Egypt from her shoes to-morrow, or the next day, what would be the state of Egypt?"

"We should then be free," he replied, with a smile.

"Would France leave you and abandon her interests in Egypt? Would Germany allow such a magnificent country to go begging, or would Turkey barter you away for a loan to help fill her empty coffers?"

"Japan would help us," he lisped.



“Japan!” I echoed. “Have you ever read the history of Corea?”

He shook his head.

“Well,” I said, “you had better read the history of Japan’s help to the Coreans, and then thank God that the British *are* protecting your country.”

I have quoted this young man’s case as a fair sample of the substance of all the discontent in Egypt. He is half-educated and wholly superficial. He is a nuisance to himself and a worry to everybody else. Many of the foreign consuls and their satellites play on his vanity by sympathising with him—with their tongues well planted in their cheeks. They simply make a tool of him in order to breed trouble and discontent in a country that requires rest and proper management.

Such a fellow as the man I have described was induced, after being “fed up” on wretched platitudes about liberty and freedom, to shoot the late Premier; and the sooner some avenue is opened to employ these young men in their country’s affairs in a remunerative way, the sooner will they drop out of the ranks of agitation and become decent citizens of a country which Napoleon declared at St. Helena to be the most important country in the world.

Personally, I attribute most of the troubles of the past, and those that may be brewing for the future, to the wire-pulling and mischief-making of some of the foreign consuls or sub-consuls who have very soft jobs in Egypt without any proportionate risks to themselves or to the nations they represent; indeed, I have evidence that many conspiracies and quite a number

of agitations against the British in Egypt have been started and kept going by some of the sub-consuls or their runners, carriers, or fetchers. Each consulate, with one solitary exception, is at the moment infested with quite a swarm of meddling mischief-makers who want to keep the game of discontent going so that they may continue in their comfortable positions "on velvet."

There can be no doubt whatever that British authority in Egypt, even when administered by a master-mind like Lord Kitchener, can never become paramount until the Laws of the Capitulations (giving the consuls of the different nations a disturbing finger in the Egyptian pie) are abolished. These Capitulation Laws were entered into first in the year 1535, and have been continued up to the present date. The laws are now obsolete and harmful, the causes for which they were first made have vanished centuries ago, and to-day they stand for all that is ill and opposed to the interests of Egypt, of British rule in Egypt, and of British honour.

With those laws in force, even all the great administrative ability of Kitchener cannot raise Egypt out of the cauldron of uncertainty and discontent into which it is plunged. With those laws abolished, the whole nation will be rejuvenated, its people will become contented, powerful, and prosperous, and all that stands for good will be brought forth in Egypt for the benefit and contentment of a great people. Britain has undertaken to see the Egyptians through the troubled early stages of their new existence until they

show the strength and capacity to govern themselves and their affairs after the fashion of Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, etc.

I went to Egypt especially to investigate matters under the working of the Capitulation Laws, and the truth about them is of such urgency that it must be told without veneer or extenuation. I therefore ask the British public, and indeed the public of civilisation, to hear me with patience. With the chief subject in relation to the Capitulation Laws I shall deal very fully. I refer to the hideous White Slave Traffic, to which Lord Kitchener, in a recent official Report, alludes as a "deplorable evil." Although hampered by the limits of the Capitulations, the British have done their best during the past eighteen months to cope with the abominable traffic, but owing to the mixed Tribunals it is impossible to do little more than touch the fringe of drastic remedy.

In the official Report just mentioned, Lord Kitchener says:—

"Under the limits imposed on their activity by the Capitulations, the Egyptian police have done their best during the year to cope with the deplorable evil. Over 1,000 girls of minor age have been met on disembarking and handed over to various authorities, who accept responsibility for their welfare, while others have been rescued from vice and consigned to the charge of institutions fitted to take care of them. In certain cases, coming within the jurisdiction of the native tribunals, heavy sentences have been passed for instigating or facilitating the debauchery of minors. It is to be hoped that the

present visit of Mr. Alexander Coote, the Secretary of "The International Bureau for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic," to this country may help to organise and strengthen the societies which already exist here for that purpose. In present circumstances, however, as the trade is carried on not by Egyptians but by foreigners, who are only subject to their own special jurisdictions, it is impossible for the Egyptian Government to deal effectively with the situation."\*

In a very good article entitled "Lord Kitchener's Egypt," in the *Fortnightly Review*, under date October, 1913, Mr. Sidney Low says, "The Consular Criminal Jurisdiction is also a nuisance, and sometimes a scandal."

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\* "Egypt. No. L." (1913), p. 36.





The tree near Cairo where it is alleged Jesus slept in the Virgin's arms.

*Photographed by the Author.*

## CHAPTER II.

### WHEN CHRIST CAME TO EGYPT.

“ May I not write in such a style as this,  
In such a method, too, and not miss my end, thy  
good ?

Why may it not be done ?

Dark clouds bring waters, when bright bring none.”

### PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Near Matt-Aria, on the outer fringe of modern Cairo, there is a huge tree standing by the wayside, close to the high road along which for many hundreds of years the weary pilgrim has travelled to Mecca to do pious homage at the tomb of Mahomet, muttering as he prays, “ Allah is God. Mahomet is His prophet.” For centuries, the travelling caravans have passed along this road from the great country beyond—that weird wilderness, Upper Egypt, whose womb is full of mystery and superstition. Along this same road near Matt-Aria, in the days of paganism, the brutal slave-dealer travelled with his weeping human merchandise destined for sale at Cairo.

The tree is called “ The Virgin's Tree,” and tradition alleges—with much circumstantial evidence in support—that it was under its hospitable boughs and friendly branches that the infant Jesus, with His mother the Blessed Virgin and Joseph the Carpenter, found

friendly shelter. Here, it is affirmed, the Holy Family rested in their flight into Egypt to escape the bloody sword of Herod, when that monomaniac ordered the slaughter of all the male infants in and around Bethlehem that he might slay the Divine Child. So, we are assured, while throughout Judea there was "lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning: Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not," the Holy Babe was sleeping peacefully in His mother's arms beneath the giant tree by the road of Matt-Aria.

Legend has cast a halo of reverence over the tree's sturdy limbs and branches. True Christians looking at it see, not merely a tree, but a vision of the resting Child, and even the followers of Mahomet look at it with superstitious awe, whispering the story of the Prophet of Nazareth.

The tree stands there in its monumental grandeur, defying time and senile decay to do their worst. It seems to bear a charmed life as it spreads abroad its ancient branches irregularly in every direction, and according to the superstitious or very pious, its life is protected by some power not understood by the children of men. The greatest care is bestowed on this ancient tree, the spot on which it grows being considered sacred. It is railed off, and great ceremony is observed when showing it to the traveller from afar. Having received permission to photograph this ancient shelterer of Our Lord, I reproduce the picture in my book.

Gazing upon the sturdy trunk and limbs, I became



lost in reverie. My thoughts were carried back to the infancy of Christ, His early wanderings, and His strenuous, ceaseless struggle against the sin and hypocrisy of those leaders of religion in His day—the Pharisees. I thought of the early days of His Church—then an association of the poor, the sore of heart, the lonely, the weak and helpless—and of the dreadful contrast that at least one branch of that Church exhibits in Egypt to-day.

The thought that impressed itself on my imagination to the exclusion of all else was : What would happen if Christ returned to Egypt ?—Christ, the Master who opened wide the door of Christianity so that all may enter, giving life to a civilisation whose foundations were cemented in the impregnable rocks of Mercy, Equality, Peace, Love, Humility, Charity, and the Forgiveness of Sins.

Let us suppose that Our Lord came again to Egypt—now, in the twentieth century—and rested once more under the ancient, weather-beaten branches of that great tree, and asked for the religion of brotherly love He gave to mankind. Would the Master discover the religion of Truth He left to the poor of heart ? Would he see an abundance of love and service from one Christian to another, or, rather, would he not find—at least in some of its withering and corrupted branches—that the Church has become a perverted thing, a distorted mockery of the pure doctrine left by Him ?

I am sure the Divine Master would find the latter to be the case in Egypt. The cities of Egypt reveal



a terrible state of affairs. At Cairo, a great city of about three-quarters-of-a-million souls, many tenements which are the property of those who profess to be Christians are let to sets of brazen, diseased harlots. These shameless women scandalise the old, and taint the mind of the young, by parading their profession openly in habitations, every brick of which belongs to a Church professing Christianity as instituted by Christ ! I refer to the Coptic Church, whose bishop, however, denies all knowledge of the character of the tenants who occupy the Church property as immoral houses, filling them with abandoned women.

These women sit in the open, on the public pathway, scantily clothed and smoking, or hang half out of the windows almost in the nude, begging for patronage and openly declaring that they are under the protection of consuls—alluding to consuls for Christian countries ! Those sordid creatures of vice are daughters of nations that claim Christ as their Master, and, as I have said, the houses that shelter them are the property of a Church that claims to teach the Truth which Christ left as a divine legacy to mankind.

What a terrible indictment of a Christian Church ! What an awful exhibition by Christians in the very centre of a great city containing hundreds of thousands of people of non-Christian religions !

The religious bodies of the British, French, Greeks, and other professedly Christian people are vieing with each other in earnest endeavours to teach the Mohammedans, Arab and Turk alike, the value of Christian Truth and to convert them to the Christian

Faith, while at the same time these people have before them the vicious examples of hundreds of women professedly belonging to that Faith. The facts that women of Christian countries sell themselves openly and unabashed, to black, brown, or white men for money, and that a certain branch of the Christian Church lets its property as brothels, stand out as horrible truths which grip the eastern mind so sharply that it can but refuse to accept a creed which *teaches* purity while there is so much evidence that many of its adherents *practise* the contrary. When the evidence of the harlotry of women of Christian nations is daily before their eyes, is it any wonder that the non-Christian people of Cairo evince no desire to embrace our Faith?

And all this licentiousness is countenanced and carried on almost within a stone's throw of the tree under which Our Lord once rested! Certainly, if the Master returned now to Egypt and asked for His Church, the reply He must of necessity receive would cause Him to weep over this great city of sin, and might He not utter those terrible words—half anathema, half prophecy—which He spoke of Jerusalem of old:—

“And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it,

“Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes.

“For the days shall come upon thee that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee and compass thee round and compass thee on every side.

“ And shall lay thee even with the ground ; and thy children within thee : and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another because thou knowest not the time of thy visitation.” — *St. Luke* xix.

41-44.

Speaking with a pious Mohammedan who had done all he possibly could to kill the trade in women's bodies and souls in Egypt, I learnt many things concerning the attitude of his people towards Christianity —that is, as this Faith is practised in Egypt.

“ The greatest trouble you English and the French have here is to make our race believe in your Master, the Prophet of Nazareth, when the sorry sight of your women offering their bodies for sale in the open streets confronts our eyes. No one seems to trouble about it ; no one cares. The shame is open and complete.

“ If you wish to convince us of the Truth of your Prophet's teachings, you had better begin by example, which takes a firmer hold on the imagination than any amount of teachings from books. It is by the virtue of your homes and the purity of your women that you will be judged by the man in the Near East.

“ All nations have their quota of degraded men and women, but peoples such as the French and English —rulers of many eastern races—who wish to claim so much for their Christian correctness, should be studiously circumspect in their conduct among the non-Christians.

“ Besides, what does sinful lust bring to any nation ? Nothing but misery and shame.

“ What does your wise king say ? It is in one of your books ? ”

I remembered the lines referred to, and certainly the wisdom contained in them could not fail to impress one who has the welfare of his country at heart, as it had apparently impressed my Mohammedan friend.

Most Englishmen will recollect the words of King George V. :—

“The foundations of national glory are set in the hearts of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple, and pure.”

“Then,” continued the astute and learned Mohammedan, “what said Pliny on the same subject?”

“‘Lust is an enemy to the pure, a foe to the person, a canker to the mind, a corrosive to the conscience, a weakness to the wit, a besotter of the senses, and, finally, a mortal bane to all the body.’”

My friend next quoted two other of the classical ancients, and I give their words here. Plato, writing on the subject of lust, said :—

“Lust is inseparably accompanied with the trouble of all order, with impudence, unseemliness, sloth, and dissoluteness.”

Seneca wrote on the same subject :—

“The most miserable mortals are those who deliver themselves to their palates or to their lusts; the pleasure is short and turns presently nauseous, and the end of it is either shame or repentance.”

“The Bishop of London,” continued the Mohammedan, “a pious worker in your Christ’s vineyard, has declared in one of your books :

“‘The trade has flourished, not so much from the wickedness of the bad as from the ignorance



and apathy of the good, and it is time that men and women's eyes were opened to what is taking place in their midst.' "

"Alas, my friend," he added, "the world seems to grow more wicked; vices are now commercialised, those who trade in vice grow richer daily, and lust, gathering force like the whirlwind, sweeps on, on, to the extinction of whole nations—for vice will kill nations more surely than an armed force. Vice is an insidious poison which—secretly at first and then openly—permeates through every branch and root of a nation that is not ever on the alert to check its evil growth. Vice killed Rome and laid Babylon in the dust, and, alas! vice is now at its deadly work eating into the heart of many powerful nations of to-day.

"It is certainly England's duty to look to the matter wherever she holds power—to eradicate the evil completely, root, stem, and branch, or at least make an earnest attempt to do so. A good example will impress the natives of Egypt and, what is more important, will save Christianity in this country from contempt.

"At the moment, England and France are at the head of a licensed paganism that has not been equalled since the days of ancient Babylon. You have come to Cairo at the invitation of those who do not follow the teachings of Him who died on Calvary, but still they are willing to believe that this world would be a sweeter and cleaner place if His injunctions to mankind *were* followed. The purity of the lives of your people out here would breed goodness and whole-

someness among our races, just as the body of a good man consecrates and makes pure the ground wherein it rests.

“ You have, as I say, come to Cairo with eyes to see and ears to hear ; then take away with you as a message from those who respect the British nation and all that true Christianity stands for, the fact that only the truth—and the truth without extenuation, however shocking—will kill the indifference and slothfulness with regard to the terrible sin in this country. The good men of England and France must be stirred into action.”

With these emphatic words my friend concluded his earnest speech, and his last injunction to me—delivered within the shadow of the tree which sheltered Our Lord—so impressed me that I shall know no peace until I have delivered my message of truth. Will Christians hear me with patience ?

Many persons will find it hard to believe that I write nothing but the plain truth in stating that much of the property rented as brothels in Cairo belongs to the Coptic Church, whose revenues are materially increased by such rentals. However, I am not alone in my denunciation of the practices of this branch of the Christian Church.

Many good people of Cairo—of all nationalities and creeds—have long objected to the un-Christianlike methods of this body, and a great number of the well-educated Copts realise and resent the fact that their sect well merits the scorn poured upon it by all true Christians.

The *Egyptian Gazette*, under date December 2nd, 1913, draws attention to the long-standing scandal. After pointing out the maladministration of the funds of the Coptic Church, showing how its priests and monks are uneducated, uncultured and ignorant men, how its schools are very third-rate institutions, and how a large number of Copts is seceding yearly from the Church because of such things, the paper goes on to say :—

#### THE COPTIC WAKFS SCANDAL.

“ We dealt at some length in our leading article yesterday with the present scandalous condition of the Coptic Wakfs. We confined our attention chiefly to the financial maladministration which is going on there, and quoted specific instances which, in our opinion, are alone sufficient to justify the demand for an immediate and radical change in the present system of management.

“ It is not, however, merely in the matter of finance that the administration of these wakfs is a standing disgrace. A far more important point, in our opinion, is the use to which the Patriarchate allows many of the houses belonging to the wakfs to be put. We have no wish to dilate on this aspect of the subject, and so will merely mention that much of the wakfs' property lies in Clot Bey, in the notorious Darb-el-Tiab, in the Wazza Bazaar, and in that other plague-spot of Cairo, the Midan Kantaret-el-Dikka. The majority of these houses are houses of ill-fame, the Darb-el-Tiab, indeed, being the official quarter for the public women of Cairo. A seemingly spectacle, is it not, that of charities which derive their revenue, and of a Christian Church which

receives support from the immoral earnings of fallen women? Financially, no doubt, these houses are an immense asset to the Coptic Church—they seem to furnish the one example in which the wakfs have been administered with a keen eye to business—but spiritually and morally they represent an overwhelming loss—loss of dignity, loss of reputation, loss almost of spiritual life.”



## CHAPTER III.

### VICE COMMERCIALISED AT CAIRO.

The spectacle of controlled women of ill-repute in given segregated streets of Cairo is as repellent as it is horrible. Here we find public women of every colour and nationality—excepting English and American—segregated in streets and lanes where they are authorised to carry on their profession subject to certain safeguards to the public health.

As a public duty I went through these streets—or, rather, dirty lanes—in the same manner as I had visited the hotbed of the traffic in London—namely, with a strong guard. The sight was most degrading. Nothing is seen in the East, not even in Singapore—the home of the damned and the half-way house to hell—to equal this spectacle of licensed prostitution in the “fish markets” or, to use the native term, the Wazza Bazaar. Black, white, and copper-coloured girls are congregated here in hundreds, sitting at their doors and screeching furiously in Arabic to all who pass, “Come in, please do come in! This house licensed. I show you my card. Oh, so nice kind gentleman!” This fearful pandemonium is kept up whilst the visitor steadily trudges through the dirty lanes, viewing with horror the degradation countenanced by a so-called Christian Government.

Some of these houses are two or three storeys high, and each storey contains its quota of women. The front or street flat generally has an open window near the doorway. In this great opening, without any glass or covering at all—in fact, quite open, like the big fish-shop windows in London—several women sit bedecked with the most gaudy raiment that even the showy splendour of the East can produce. At the back of one great window I noticed seven women “on show.” In the centre sat a very tall negress, whose face was as black as the devil’s hoofs are reputed to be. She was splendidly proportioned, with regular and evenly cut features and large expressive eyes. She was, as I say, jet black, with an oily shine or polish on her face. She came from the Upper Soudan, stood six feet seven inches high, and was altogether a fine picture of Nature’s handiwork, even for the borders of Soudan and Abyssinia. She was a licensed woman, and had under her protection six girls, two of whom came from Syria, two from the land of Goshen, and two from Greece—all licensed and registered.

I was informed that this negress conducts a “quiet house.” She gives no trouble to the police and does not tolerate any girl being ill in her den. Further on in the Wazza Bazaar, we came to the centre show scene; this was an open and gaudily bedecked licensed house, sporting the name of “Madame Fatima” over the door. The fact is that although this house of infamy is kept in Fatima’s name, the real owner is a man named Ibrim Gharhi. This man, or man-devil, is one of the most abominable sights of Egypt; in

fact, I believe he has the distinction of being the only man of his kind in the world. He openly advertises his position, and appears to enjoy the singular distinction of being more sinful than his fellows.

Tourists, young and old, go to Egypt to "do" the Pyramids, the Tombs, the Wells, and sacred places (and places that are sacred only to Satan's imps), but they scarcely ever leave the land of the Pharaohs without seeing that abomination of all humanity, Ibrim Gharhi. In the season, guides make nearly as much money from showing globe-trotters the infamous Ibrim Gharhi as they do from showing the Pyramids and other Egyptian sights.

When we arrived at Madame Fatima's house, we found it lighted up in great style, and the household of licensed prostitutes, all bedecked with gaudy finery, occupying seats in the open windows. In the centre sat Ibrim Gharhi, dressed as a woman, painted and glazed as though he were a black statue. This fellow has a shining skin, large black eyes, and even features. Across his forehead, running past his temples and hooked at the back of his head, was a large solid gold band studded with precious stones. His arms were naked to the shoulder but for the gold bracelets which adorned them. On one arm I counted fourteen differently shaped bejewelled arm-clasps or bracelets. The other arm was covered with a gaudy network of gold spangles and beads, and around his neck he wore a collar of welded gold—gold, it was said, which had come as presents from his admirers in Abyssinia. On his fingers were several valuable rings, his ankles were

protected by gold clasps, and his body was enveloped in a light gauzy material covered with gold and silver spangles which glittered in the light. Thus arrayed the fellow had the appearance of some pagan demi-god or devil.

Whilst we gazed at this creature, our guide whispered such revolting details of his profession in our ears that one would not have felt surprised had fire and brimstone from Heaven (such as fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah) descended to roast this fellow as an example that "the wages of sin is death." It is said that the painted, perfumed, and bejewelled pervert—surrounded by his court of prostitutes and fanned by two handsome youths from the Upper Soudan dressed in the gaudy raiment of women—charms even the strong-natured Soudanese and stalwart Abyssinians into parting with their money and gold ornaments. They look upon him as something supernatural ; his person is considered semi-sacred and extremely lucky to those who are privileged to touch it. It is all very horrible, but very true.

All the coloured women of the Wazza Bazaar and the black visitors look upon Ibrim Gharhi with superstitious awe, as the Soudanese once looked upon the tomb of the Mahdi. Some natives aver that he is a devil whose anger will bring death to those who incur it. God or devil, prophet or fiend, he should be publicly whipped for the public good, or treated in some way that would demonstrate the same principle employed by Lord Kitchener when he blew the Mahdi's tomb into the air to dispel the superstitious tradition



hanging around the resting-place of a bloody tyrant. This Ibrim Gharhi is a public menace. It is rumoured that he is very rich, and has great influence in carrying out the devil's work in the Wazza Bazaar. All the women fear him, the men like him, and the boys go to him for money and advice, for he is ever ready with his stout purse to help those who wish to travel the road to hell. The ostentation with which he displays his wealth stands as an advertisement of the material benefits derived from the trade of the most awful immorality the world knows.

Youths gaze at him and think, "Why can't I be rich, like Ibrim Gharhi? He is great, although he openly trades in what Christians call sin. Why not I? I am far handsomer than he." Unfortunately, there is no law in the country occupied by the soldiers of a Christian king to put this fiend behind bolts and bars, but that is no reason why he should be allowed to publicly parade his immorality. His place is the centre for the activities of a gang of his fiends who live on the youth life of the country, and on the lives of girl children trapped abroad and brought to Egypt as so much merchandise, to be sold, used, and destroyed, to make room for more of his unfortunate stamp. Although Ibrim Gharhi reigns as a king among the lost souls of the Wazza Bazaar, he trembles and is ill at ease in the presence of a British police-officer, who would gladly—if the law permitted it—arrest and whip the degenerate creature. The one thing that particularly strikes the stranger on first beholding this man—bedecked as a woman and sitting

amidst his fallen women and fan-boys—is the fatal complacency with which the shameful doings of the fellow are regarded. No one cares, no one bothers, and so the awful example of this sordid gold-gainer is kept *ad nauseum* before the public gaze. Without let or hindrance, he continues to tarnish the minds of the youths of Cairo.

As an example of the influence of the despicable wretch, I was told that his name was submitted to the Khedive that he might have the honour of being appointed a Bey. The Khedive had actually signed the necessary papers when a friend in the palace called his Highness's attention to the vile life and trade of Ibrim Gharhi. The Khedive's wrath, on discovering the imposture which had been almost successful, knew no bounds. However, the very fact that the leading spirit of the Wazza Bazaar was able, through the power of his gold, to penetrate to the palace of the Khedive is evidence of the wretch's influence with certain degenerates who pull the strings in Egypt.

Now that public attention is called to Ibrim Gharhi, let us hope that he may soon be removed from his position as "King of Gomorrah," reigning in the Wazza Bazaar.

Passing along from the open window wherein sat Ibrim Gharhi, we came to an open dancing place. Here we saw a large ground-floor room in the centre of which danced a girl, gaudily-dressed in a light frilly silk dress adorned with gold lace and gilt buttons. Her face was heavily painted, and fringing her eyes was a thick red paint. She was a degenerate specimen

of the Almeh girls, who were at one time a great joy to the ladies who comprised the rich pashas' harems and before whom they danced, sang, and played after the custom of the country. There are not many of the girls left now ; their occupation is gone, for in these days many great men of Egypt do not accept with complacency the decree of Mahomet which allows a liberal plurality of wives to those who can keep them.

But to return to the dancing room. At the end of the room the musicians clustered with their stringed instruments, while the girl performed a series of contortions—probably similar to those danced by the daughter of Herodias before Herod and his officers. She kept time to the weird music, whilst the spectators squatted on the floor smoking or chewing nuts and watching the performance in silent admiration. If the girl proved expert with her contortions she soon found a partner from among the motley crew assembled, and when she disappeared with him another girl was brought into the dancing room. So the dancing continued until partners were found for all the inmates of the licensed house. Then the lights were extinguished and the wooden shutters drawn, bolted, and barred.

On, still on, through the scores of dirty narrow streets of wretched tenements we trudged, almost overcome by the shame and horror that confronted us everywhere on this tour of inspection.

One woman—a woman of Syria—sat alone at the door of her one-roomed hovel, and as we passed she told us in Arabic, accompanied by frantic gesticulations, that she was a widow and was fully licensed

by the Government of Egypt. Without exception, these unfortunate women make a great boast of their licence, and repeatedly explain its value while they are soliciting. Should the listener appear incredulous, they produce the licence with great seriousness, as though to say, "I am sorry you will not believe me. Will you believe me when you see this official document?" With that, they endeavour to place the greasy document in your hand, and if you still refuse to handle their authority for sin they screech fierce imprecations on your head.

Leaving these wretched licensed abodes of sin and shame, we struck out again into the open street where we could enjoy the pure air, being at last freed from the open contagion of one of the vilest spots on earth—the Wazza Bazaar.

Turning to one of my friends, an English officer, I asked him why the Christian nations who controlled the laws of Cairo under the Capitulations tolerated such dens. Surely, I suggested, it was a blot on the very name of England and France to countenance even one day longer such a filthy market for vice.

My friend—a most genial man, who has done splendid service for his country in Egypt—candidly told me that I did not know the conditions and customs of the country. For many reasons I cannot give his full explanation as to why the Wazza Bazaar was permitted to exist, but this I may say—he informed me that when first the British occupied Egypt and an English garrison was sent to Cairo, the Wazza Bazaar was found to be a fearful death-trap of iniquity. The



place was not only reeking with foul disease, but murder was in the air, and the Egyptian police were afraid to enter the Wazza Bazaar in response to the cries of unfortunate women who were being done to death. It was then—in the dark days of Egypt—quite a common thing to discover the mangled body of one of the poor unhappy women in the roadway at Wazza Bazaar as the beneficent sun cast its morning rays on this plague-spot.

Then, no man nor woman was safe in such dens. Many went into the dark, dirty lanes and came out no more; murder and robbery were as common then as they are scarce now. Besides this, the place was a cesspool of foul disease; germs of the hidden plague—the worst bone-rotter of all the dreadful venereal diseases—claimed hundreds, perhaps thousands, of native victims yearly. This state of things has been abolished, until to-day the place is as safe for a European to walk through as Piccadilly Circus. So far as disease is concerned, it is infinitely safer than either Piccadilly Circus or Leicester Square.

I know of one case where a young man in a good Government position was ordered to Egypt. Thinking to have a good (?) time before he left, he and certain of his friends went for a ramble round Leicester Square. The result was disastrous, for he went to Egypt very ill. The climate, and the humiliating knowledge of the trouble that his own conduct had brought about, did the rest. His bones are now resting in the cemetery at Ismalia. Such a catastrophe would have been impossible in the Wazza Bazaar, not because of a

lack of similar types of men, but because of the strict inspection and the strict segregation.

I asked my friend to tell me something of the system of segregation and inspection.

“ Well,” he replied, “ our interference is only a matter of hygiene to counteract the spread of awful diseases. It is not a matter of likes, dislikes, or sentiment. It is a matter of protecting the public health. All unlicensed prostitution here is unlawful. If a woman is plying the oldest profession the world knows, and wants to keep within the law, she must apply for a form, paying ten piastres. The form is then filled in, giving her name, age, nationality, and the address at which she intends to live and ply her trade. Her photograph is attached to the form, and once this permit is signed by the authorities she may commence business, but she must appear at stated times for medical inspection. If she is sick, she is promptly sent off to hospital and her licence cancelled until she is well again. When she has quite recovered her licence is stamped to certify this. Such precautions at least check disease and keep the awful trade under strict control, which is a strong protection to the women themselves ; and the police protect them as far as possible from their bullies and pimps.

“ Of course, it also protects the public health, especially the health of the natives—that is, the poorer class of Arabs. Before we grappled with the foul thing, the hospitals—such as they were—were full of young men, Egyptians and Arabs, many of whom died off like flies. Others were incapacitated for the rest

of their lives through the inoculation of the deadly poison. Let those who condemn segregation and inspection consider well the position of the occupants of Egypt and the customs and conditions of the country before they condemn wholesale the system which is, at any rate, the lesser of two great evils, either from a religious or an ethical standpoint. The segregation, registration, and controlling of vice is certainly repugnant. It is shameful and horrible. But it is doubly shameful, a million times more horrible, cowardly, and un-Christianlike to allow disease to run riot until poison enters the blood of the ignorant youth of the country, and they die off cursing the prudishness and hypocrisy of those who *do* know the dangers, but from sheer hypocrisy will not act to protect the young and the ignorant."

I asked my friend if he could procure me a copy of the form which the unfortunate women are required to sign before they are allowed to carry on their trade. He shook his head and advised me to see Colonel Harvey Pasha, the chief of the police, who would no doubt give me the required information.

As Colonel Harvey Pasha was on his way to London to enjoy a well-earned rest, I was compelled to seek elsewhere for the forms. However, I managed to secure two. The first is a blank one, such as is handed, to be filled in, to the women beginning to ply the trade of prostitution. The second is one that has been used. It is stamped and signed by the examining medical officer, who certifies that the girl-holder is in a healthy state. It is a queer document, but no

good purpose would be served by its reproduction here.

Some innocent persons may be shocked at the official recognition of the vilest trade known, but it is far better to shock the good than to allow the riot of disease and death to thrive on ignorance and incredulity.

So much for licensed prostitution in Cairo. I will now show the public the other side of the question—the unlicensed riot of unsegregated and uncontrolled vice which breeds disease and death in Cairo.



## CHAPTER IV.

### VICE LET LOOSE IN CAIRO.

The uncontrolled and unlicensed vice in Egypt—in its wholesale transactions, in the scientific commercialised adjustment between supply and demand—is one of the unpublished horrors of civilisation. To every licensed woman in Cairo or Alexandria there are at least ten, perhaps twenty, unlicensed, uncontrolled women of every colour and nationality (except British and American), plying their trade and spreading disease which is as deadly as any of the numerous plagues that visited Egypt in the days of Moses. The authorities—that is, the mixed authorities who exist to control the health and protect the lives of the people in Egypt—do nothing to control or check these public women ; indeed, some of the authorities seem to encourage them. So familiar is the sight of the brazen women, lost to all womanly feelings, lost to all shame, and often perverted by a sexual lunacy into sexual monomaniacs ; so familiar and so common is their presence, hanging from their windows almost in the nude, smoking, cursing, screeching like fiends, or laughing like mocking devils—so accustomed have the inhabitants, young and old, become to all the signs of their business that they now pass, as a matter of course, as something necessary for the use of men.

No one bothers except the British police, who exert themselves to some purpose, and the grave intelligent portion of the people of Egypt who are troubled by sights worse than we read about in ancient Babylon.

Most of the women are French ; next in numbers come Italians, and there are also Germans, Swiss, Greeks, and Spanish. I am told authoritatively that two-thirds of these prohibited women are diseased, and for that reason many of them have been banished from their own country, where surveillance of prostitutes is strict, and diseased women are segregated or banished. The strangest fact with regard to these women is that many of the consuls for the countries from which they are banished as diseased, encourage and protect them in Egypt, simply because it appears that no one interferes—no one cares. It is the custom of the country. What is ill for their own country is apparently good for Egypt.

Such action is a blot on all that is decent, as a consul's support in Egypt means everything. It is, indeed, the difference between keeping open house and selling disease to men, and closing the den to find honest employment or quit the country. The British are in occupation, the King's garrison holds the land, and the wisest counsels the British can give are bestowed on the country. The British in occupation are responsible for law, order, public safety, and public health. If there were to be an uprising amongst the native population of Egypt (which is not at all likely), British lives and British wealth would be risked and perhaps run to waste. So responsible are

the British as guarantors of public tranquillity, safety, and health, that, be the cost what it may, the British would readily discharge all the obligations their occupation of Egypt has cast upon them, for at the moment nothing is further from the thoughts of Britain than the abandonment of Egypt by the withdrawal of troops. It would be criminal to withdraw and leave the country as a cock-pit of the Near East, for the nations suffering from land-hunger to fight over ; little would be left to Egypt for the half-educated young gentlemen who call themselves Nationalists.

The British, as I have shown, are willing to do their duty politically by the natives, but when it comes to a matter of suppressing the public harlot, who shocks and poisons the youth of the nation, or when the hour arrives to stop the ravages of the traders in women and girls—those fiends who gather children from afar and bring them to Egypt as merchandise—then the British, with all their power and prestige, are in a paralytic state of impotency. They can do nothing—that is, nothing effectual. Powerful men, with the Empire's master mind at their head, are laughed at by harlots, pimps, and traffickers who claim to ply their vile trade under the strong protection of the Capitulation Laws which, in fine, give every foreign subject the right to be tried, and acquitted or punished, by the consul of his native country.

The privileges of the Consular Courts under the Capitulation Laws would—were not the whole matter so serious a blot on Christianity—give food for mirth. When the workings (or, rather, the

non-workings) of these Capitulation Laws were fully explained to me I was astonished. I felt sure that the general public of England did not know how the Consular Courts prevent justice. I will, therefore, endeavour to explain the hollowness, the dangers, and the shame of these Capitulation Courts, particularly when they are called upon to deal with the traffickers in women and girls.

Under the Capitulation Laws, each consul has the right to protect—by trying, condemning, or acquitting—the subjects of his own country then resident in Egypt. Why those rights were ever given to consuls who never had any right, material or moral, in Egypt, or why the rights are now continued when the occupation of the British in Egypt has become permanent—that is, permanent until the Egyptians show the world they can govern themselves, as South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are doing—why the Capitulation Courts are continued to the present hour, causing confusion, injustice, and shame to those responsible for the tranquillity of Egypt, is one of those problems only to be found in British foreign policy.

Here is an example of the justice (?) of the Capitulation Courts. Suppose a noted French prostitute keeps a house of ill-fame in an open and offensive manner with about twenty girls just received from abroad, and the public complain to the British authorities in charge of the police who are responsible for good order. In such a case the British officer is compelled (before he can act to secure public decency) to go cap in hand and wait some two or three hours on the door-



step of the French consul's abode to obtain that gentleman's permission to declare the house an open menace. The consul may or may not give consent to the British officer's request. It is on record that where such an approach was made by the British police to a French consul, in a case in which it was alleged that twenty French girls carried on all the worst features of their trade of prostitution, the French consul, after much importuning, visited the house in question, inspected it, and told the British officer that he did not consider the house to be a brothel but a place occupied by a "Society of Art," and it must not be closed. Neither was it closed, but flourished for years until death claimed most of its inmates.

A striking case occurred whilst I was in Cairo last August. A large and notorious house of infamy was flourishing in the main street of the town. Twenty girls of all nationalities were reported to be living in this house. The landlord let the premises to an Italian woman, who sublet them to a Greek woman, who "ran" the house in her own name to shield the woman of Italy—the real owner.

The public complained to the British police, who in turn applied to the Greek consul for permission to close the house. This was promptly given, the women and the girls were turned out and the door nailed up. But now the Italian prostitute—a well-known woman—appeared on the scene. She alleged that she had never sublet the house at all. She protested that she had been outraged, her home violated, her furniture turned upside down, her dear girls scattered, after so

much expense in getting them together. She visited the Italian consul, talked wildly about liberty, and threatened to curse the flag that flies over the British Residency if the British, who broke up her happy home, were not immediately called to justice. The consul tried to pacify her, but a paper published in French in Cairo took her case up and wrote about the violation of the sacred rights of home, etc., and thereupon the Italian consul also became indignant. He personally visited the headquarters of the police in Cairo and demanded with much emphasis to know why a daughter of Italy should be interfered with by the British. The consul was severe ; he asserted his authority, quoting chapter and verse of the Capitulation Laws to prove that the British could do nothing. A daughter of the land that had honoured the vicars of Christ on earth for nearly two thousand years had had her home violated and her trade spoiled, and if some suitable explanation were not forthcoming there would be trouble.

The officer of criminal affairs, Philippides Bey—the kindest of men, with more than twenty years' record for splendid work with the police force in Egypt—tried to reason with the enraged consul.

“ You know—none so well as you—that this woman is an atrocious prostitute,” said the officer, “ you know the hardships that are cast upon the British police in their endeavour to keep the public streets within the bounds of decency. You also know the tricks of these women ; so why waste time in trying to protect such evil creatures ? ”

The consul would not agree with the sensible argument of Philippides Bey and insisted on defending the woman.

The Adamovitch case\*—when Russia demanded the body of a politically accused person without even condescending to notify the British what charge was to be preferred against the man—set all the consuls on their “national honour” and their “duty” to their respective flags. The British were in Egypt subject to the Capitulation Laws, the consuls averred indignantly, and whether it was the case of a murderer, a thief, or a political offender like the Russian Adamovitch, they must cling to the very letter of those Capitulation Laws which are the bread and butter of a shoal of consuls, sub-consuls, their secretaries, henchmen, and the henchmen’s runners. The business of these men is to seek out those in troubled waters, or the murderer in hiding, and explain to them the virtues of the Capitulation Laws if properly put into force. The explanation is given with patriotic seasoning of their national flag, national honour, and the “rights” of nations against what is termed as the greed of the rapacious, and very often perfidious, British. Altogether, the fuel which the Capitulation Laws supply for fanning the flames of dissension—keeping alive trouble, and filling the pockets of an army of loafers who work the dozen consulates from afar—cannot be well estimated by peaceful citizens in England. Such good people

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\* The Adamovitch case is dealt with more fully in Chapter VI.

really know very little of our true position in Egypt, though they may be often found eagerly explaining to their friends all about our mission in that country and the heritage we are to leave a splendid people who are steadily preparing for its reception. In order to know and understand the depths and the trickery of the Capitulation Laws, one must go to Egypt and view the confusion on the spot.

However, to return to our friend the Italian consul and his flag, national honour, etc., etc. He left the genial Philippides Bey, after requesting the British officer to wait on him at the consulate the following day with an explanation giving all the details of the "outrage" on the Italian woman and her house of prostitution. I am told that the explanation was sent on, and the Italian lady of easy virtue was then advised by her friends to claim damages against the British for their interference.

Another case was brought to my notice which may appear ludicrous, but it is all too serious when one considers how the stamping out of a public evil is prevented by such trickery. A French woman kept a house of infamy (we will call it No. 24) in a certain street. In the same street, an Italian woman kept a house for a like purpose at, say, No. 28. Both were summoned by the British police before their respective consuls under the Capitulation Laws. The preliminaries to the case took two months to arrange; the trials, with remands, took two months more. Finally, the women received judgment, being ordered to quit their houses, Nos. 24 and 28 respectively. They



obeyed the law to the letter, the French woman leaving No. 24 and taking up her residence at No. 28, whilst the Italian woman vacated No. 28 and opened business at No. 24. The British police were thus paralysed, but the assistant consuls, with their army of helpers, thought it a good joke. The women and their friends celebrated their easy victory over British interference by keeping open house for several nights, doing a roaring trade that must have rejoiced the devil's heart.

In September, 1912, a woman was brought before the Mixed Courts of Contravention, charged with keeping a house of vice in a quarter not set apart for such purposes. She engaged an advocate, but did not trouble to appear herself. From time to time judgments were given against her, but as her business was good, she supplied funds for appeal, until finally she appealed to the Superior Court sitting at Alexandria, when the judgment of the Court was cast against her. She was ordered to close the house; this she did, *seven months after she had first received notice*. The house, which, by the way, is situated in one of the best positions in Cairo, was closed for two days and then re-opened by a woman whom the former mistress had imported from Italy. The late mistress now acts only as a ticket-giver and money-taker at the door.

The native women are supposed to submit to British rule and to the laws governing the country. If they are caught committing unlawful acts, the British police may, under the law of the country, deal directly with

them without entering upon the farcical consular proceedings.

But the native woman has learnt much from the foreign prostitute, and she usually hires a house in the name of a Greek woman—the most favoured of all nationalities. When the police call, they are confronted by a free-born Greek woman, who claims to be the mistress of the house and refers the British officer to her beloved Greek consul. The usual pandemonium now begins ; one of the assistant Greek consuls doubts that the house is a brothel within the true meaning of the word, and he often maintains this attitude in spite of the most persistent reminders from the British police. Finally, if the case is not forgotten altogether, the consul or his assistant is shamed into giving the British officer permission to commence proceedings. The officer now takes proceedings, only to find that the house has since been transferred to an Italian lady, who has just arrived from the land of song with a fresh batch of young girls, and the former Greek mistress now occupies the position of money collector at the door.

Much corruption is explained by the fact that there are so many underlings connected with the various consulates. For instance, there is the Cowas, a trusted messenger from the authorised consulate. The Cowas is generally employed by the consul to save him the trouble of trudging through the hot and dusty streets at the heels of a British officer who is trying, for the sake of common decency, to stop the open and unabashed prostitution in houses in the

busiest parts of Cairo. The Cowas argues either for or against the women of the house, whilst the British officer looks on helplessly. Sometimes the Cowas shows his partiality to a particular house by having a fight at its door, when a crowd gathers in the street and takes sides whilst the Nationalist, or young Egyptian, stands aloof and sneers at the proceedings they contemptuously term "British rule in Egypt." Most (perhaps 90 per cent.) of these women of ill-repute are plying their trade under the protection of a male "friend"—a wretch whom we should call a pimp or bully.

Many of these "friends" have access through "back stairs" to one or the other of the consulates—not to the consul or the sub-consul, who would certainly refuse to have dealings with such disreputable creatures, but with members of the gangs who surround these consulates ready to "work" anything or everything that comes their way. Of course, these bullies magnify their particular consul's influence, so as to live in ease on the wretched women of sin, who look to the consulate for protection and for permission to disease and debauch *ad lib.* to rob and to plunder, to bring shame on their own country, and, incidentally, to cause contempt to be cast on British rule by the type of native who is always trying to discover some fault with which to reproach the occupiers of Egypt. These bullies, besides interfering at the consulates, "fix up" the native police with small bribes. Then again, if trouble arises and there is a night visit to the *Caracol* (police court), the pimp appears on the scene,

well-dressed and, being able to speak French, Arabic, Russian and German, generally takes charge of the *Caracol* night proceedings. If the British officer is off duty, these fellows are glib enough and oily of speech, and, since the British have made an attempt to cleanse the place, they have become quite an important factor in instructing the native police and the native "hangers on" to the consulates how *not* to do this, or how to avoid that. Under the British Criminal Law Amendment Act, these wretches would be treated as white slavers and flogged, but that is not how they are dealt with in Egypt. Many of these pimps have their own lodgings in the house they "run"—a room which is generally kept in order by a probationary girl, captured perhaps in Syria and brought to Cairo as "merchandise." Others of these unfortunate women are protected by men occupying good positions in Egypt, and because of this, and the fact that many women now working the devil's will have at some time been mistresses of "big guns," the difficulty that the British meet with in attempting to kill the vice appears almost insurmountable.

Lord Cromer, who took a keen interest in the efforts to suppress this traffic, called the attention of the British Government to the legal difficulties, and his successor, the late Sir Eldon Gorst, went so far in his annual report as to say that while the Capitulations were allowed to deal with this question successful legal action against the traffickers was almost impossible, and that Egypt was a very secure place for the harlot and the trader in women and girls. Lord



Kitchener has, I am told, also made a strong protest on the same subject to the British Government, which, in turn, has approached the French Government.

Still, nothing is done. The open exhibitions of vice, the advertising of sin by professed Christians before the sneering natives, must stop, and it is incumbent upon Britain to stop it at once, *and explain after*.

As evidence of the brazen and loathsome manner in which foreign women—protected as I have shown—carry on their trade in the main thoroughfares of Cairo, I will mention a case that came under my immediate notice whilst I was staying at the New Khedivial Hotel, which is conducted by a cultured Greek who, like most of his countrymen, views with horror the depths of sin and shame into which the premier city of Egypt is fast falling.

My room overlooked the main street and, the nights being very sultry, I occupied the small balcony overlooking the broad roadway. Nearly opposite the hotel stood a large house, the lower portion of which consisted of shops, whilst the upper part was let off as a house of infamy. Three French women—all of the stout, bold, vulgar-looking type—occupied the rooms. After nine o'clock at night they would emerge from the upper storey and sit on the narrow pathway, two smoking cigarettes, whilst the eldest of the three—probably the “missus”—smoked a cigar.

In the effort to get cool—or for some other purpose—they would sit in such postures and with their clothing so arranged as to make the sight of them in the open street positively indecent. There they sat,

hour after hour, accosting every man who passed, whether young or old, black, white, or copper-coloured. Every night quite a number of men entered the house, each being followed inside by one of these women, whilst a gang of some twenty Egyptian youths stood in the roadway on the opposite path, jeering, laughing, and passing unpleasant remarks in Arabic anent the Christian virtues of the women of France.

The night before I left Cairo, a Mohammedan gentleman visited my rooms to have a farewell chat with me. The night being hot, we sat on the verandah overlooking the broad roadway. He especially directed my attention to this house, as evidence of the open shame in the busiest street of Cairo. As we sat there, unobserved by the harlots opposite, we counted twenty-nine men of all colours, castes, and creeds enter and emerge from that one house. At four a.m. the three women entered a conveyance, accompanied by three black men in native dress, and drove off in the direction of one of Cairo's worst slums, where opium, hashish, etc., are smoked.

I spoke to a responsible officer in the British police of this awful example being enacted quite openly in the presence of the youth of the country. The officer replied, "We know of it. We have complained and earnestly endeavoured to close the place, but we cannot, for reasons I will tell you later."

I never ascertained the reasons, for I left Cairo that day, but they should be obvious to anyone who knows the system of brotheldom and the way in which it is protected in Cairo. Will religious England tolerate

those corrupting exhibitions in a country garrisoned by the soldiers of a Christian king? Will Catholic France remain inactive whilst its degraded and cast-out daughters tarnish its fair name, making it a by-word for the scorn and mocking derision of the youth of Egypt, whom France hopes to bring into paths of Christian virtue and rectitude? Will the Christian countries and people of Christendom remain quiescent and refuse to speak in disapproval of such horrors, worse in their loathsome filth than many of the horrors of Nero's time? If they do, surely they will not lightly escape the vengeance of God. If the British Government plead "Capitulations" as their excuse for the existence of Babylonian hells in Egypt, then it is the duty of every minister of God throughout the United Kingdom to raise his voice demanding the abolition of these crime-shielding Capitulations. If Catholic France and Protestant England will but speak, England's name will be cleansed, as well as the lives of thousands of native men and women who at present do not associate Christianity with the truth and love that Our Lord left to the world, but with the horrible excesses of people resident among them who belong to nations professing Christianity. Will the people of Christ act? If they will, the field is widespread and the harvest ready for the granary of Christ. To know is to act, to act is to cleanse, and to cleanse is to prepare to make strong. An instinctive feeling prompts me to declare they will act—and act in unison.

## CHAPTER V.

### EGYPT—THE REFUGE GROUND FOR "QUACKS."

Amongst the plagues that are cast upon Egypt by the operation of the Capitulations, is the plague of illegal and unqualified, or qualified and disreputable, medical practitioners, or "quacks," who besiege the country like a swarm of pestilent parasites. In Egypt they find a resting-place where they may safely carry on their nefarious works without let or hindrance.

It is no exaggeration to state that there are scores of these charlatans in Cairo alone, busy at their task of filling the graveyards with victims.

To the ordinary man who has no knowledge of affairs Egyptian, this statement may seem incredible, but it is simply the plain truth. There exists at the present day practically no official control over the practice of medicine in Egypt. Any doctor who has been debarred by the medical authorities from practising in his own land and who has left his country for his country's good, or anyone who imagines himself (without the benefit of the usual medical curriculum) to possess the necessary knowledge to practise medicine, may establish himself as a doctor in Egypt.

Men who have graduated through gaols, and whose only acquaintance with medicine may be what they have picked up while under sentence, have actually been known to turn up under new names as doctors in Egypt. The only qualification necessary for a



medical practitioner in Egypt is a diploma which may or may not be of any real value, but which is sufficient to satisfy the sanitary authorities to whom the document is presented and who grant a certificate permitting the holder to practise the medical profession. Once possessed of this certificate, the "doctor" may proceed to deal with patients without any outside control.

There are about five hundred doctors and bogus doctors practising in Cairo, and although many of them are certainly men of high character and reputation in their noble profession, there is a large percentage of the five hundred who hold worthless or bogus certificates.

While considering the case of the quack doctor I will also mention his friend and accomplice, the unqualified midwife. Since the time when the ignorant, harmful practices of these women inspired Dickens to create a Sairey Gamp, there has probably been no such evil system as exists in Cairo to-day with regard to midwives.

It would be too distressing to the reader, and would serve no good purpose, were I to go into details as to the doings—the illegal and murderous arts—of the quack midwife.

Having seen the deplorable state of affairs for myself, I am no longer surprised at the significant and almost hopeless way in which Lord Kitchener stated that half the babies born in Egypt die in infancy. I am only surprised that more do not die under the loose laws that govern—or, rather, that refuse to govern—medical practice in the land of the Pharaohs.

Quack doctors and midwives, as I have before stated, have often been known to act in conjunction. They usually live near each other, in many cases having rooms at the same place, and heaven only knows what acts they perpetrate on their luckless patients in the name of what should be an almost sacred profession.

There is no doubt whatever that these charlatans connive at a system of illegality, and I have known of at least two shameless women giving themselves the title of midwife, without the slightest claim to it, and who are proud of the fact that they have made comfortable fortunes out of illegal operations.

Apart from the moral aspect, there is the great danger to human life to be considered, as well as the wicked and wholesale destruction of infants, whether by plain murder or by the slow murder of neglect.

It may be easily supposed that unscrupulous charlatans, or doctors struck off the medical register in their own country for professional misconduct or malpractice, are not averse of stooping to the basest means of obtaining money. It is this type of practitioner who co-operates with the midwife to commit vile, illegal practices for the sake of the large sums to be gained by such disgraceful and inhuman work.

Of course, the fully-qualified, respectable doctors of Egypt would scorn to do things forbidden by every law, human and divine, and such practitioners resent—as they have the right to resent—the wholesale immigration of medical outcasts from Europe and America.

The whole status of the profession is lowered by this state of things, and it is to the interest of all true practitioners in Egypt to see that it is at once remedied.

In any other country, the offenders would have justice, with scant mercy, meted out to them; in Egypt, not only are they allowed to flourish, but they are encouraged by the iniquitous working of the Capitulations.

The medical scandal is a great blot on British rule in Egypt, and is one which lays us open to the sneers and scorn of other Powers. Moreover, it is a matter that will never be thoroughly righted until British government in the country is set on an entirely new footing and the abused Capitulations abolished.

Then there is another class of the quack doctor to be considered. I refer to that migratory class who turn up in Cairo with unfailing regularity every season, and who must not be confused with the legitimate season doctors. The wandering quack comes to Cairo, as he will tell you, to combine business with rest and pleasure. He has "broken down in health" while at his strenuous labours in his large practice in such and such a country. He now hopes to regain strength in Egypt, and at the same time carry on his profession without fatiguing himself too much.

Such, at all events, is the tale he tells. The probability is that he never had a practice in another country. Perhaps he is a fugitive from justice—a thief; or even worse—without any experience of the profession he now takes up. Simply because such a fellow has the impertinence to put up a brass plate at

his door styling himself “doctor,” many of the inhabitants of Egypt are content to trust their own lives and those of their family in his unskilled, unpractised hands. He stocks his little surgery with jars of trashy drugs and ointments, scatters about a few books and professional-looking cases of instruments and—hey, presto! the thing is done. He is a fully-fledged medical practitioner.

It is this itinerary “doctor” who does so much harm. His one object is to make money, and this he means to do at any cost. One might suppose his chance among so many resident doctors to be small. Not so, however—the season quack is a bold fellow. In defiance of every rule of professional etiquette, he interferes in the cases of other doctors, trying to win over the latter’s patients to his own care.

I know of one case in Cairo where one of these quacks approached a lady whose daughter was ill, saying that as he was so very interested in the girl’s case he would be delighted to attend her. Naturally, the mother was anxious. The quack was very plausible of tongue (as his kind always are), and the result was that the real doctor’s services were dispensed with, the charlatan reigning in his stead. Goodness only knows what might have happened to his unlucky patient had not the “doctor” been suddenly recalled to his own *clientele*.

Such cases of breach of etiquette are, of course, very damaging to the medical profession, but, after all, they are minor evils so far as the work of the travelling quack is concerned. This gentleman is



ready for any base work connected with his "profession" if only the fees are high enough. Much illegal traffic is traceable to him; indeed, the heavy purse he carries with him from Egypt consists mainly of fees for this kind of work.

Suppose a resident in Egypt has a relative whom he is desirous to have "put out of the way," all he has to do is to engage one of the quack doctors—the season quack for preference—as he cannot, for his own sake, stay long enough in one place to be a nuisance in the matters of blackmail, etc.

Being provided in advance with part of his exorbitant fee—the remainder to be paid upon the completion of his work—the mountebank sets to work upon his patient. In spite of all his skill, his constant attention, his medicines and pilules, the sick person gradually (or rapidly, according to the whim of the relative who engaged the "doctor") sinks. Should other relatives or friends not be satisfied with the progress of the case, the "doctor" is quite willing to call in a consultant. The latter, of course, is one of his own class of charlatan, and in all probability the two are in the habit of working together and playing into each other's hands. The "doctor" continues to give his patient the benefit of his skilled treatment until the time agreed upon for the sick man's removal from "this mortal coil." Then, punctually to the hour decided upon, the sick man dies, the relative mourns, the "doctor" laments that the case was too far gone for human aid, gives the death certificate with a sigh, pockets the rest of his

substantial fee, and goes off with his best professional air to engage in similar work.

He is not afraid of an enquiry, for has he not full power to give a death certificate which the authorities accept as a matter of course? Besides, has he not a co-worker—accomplice would be the better term—who is ready to testify as to the efficacy of his treatment? Then, if the worst comes to the worst and there *should* be an enquiry, the quack is always ready to fly the country at a minute's notice. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there is no disturbance at all. How can there be when there is no official control over the doctors of Egypt?

The medical profession of Great Britain, America and elsewhere has long been annoyed at the existence of bogus medical schools in America. Such institutions grant certificates to any who can pay for them, regardless of the applicants' abilities and medical knowledge. Egypt has given shelter and lucrative practice to large numbers of these unskilled practitioners, but at last there seems to be a remedy for this grievance, for the genuine medical faculty of America are determined to exterminate all bogus institutions and medical colleges run by quacks.

Also, I see with pleasure that the American Diplomatic Agent in Cairo has now stipulated to the Egyptian Government that only such doctors from America who hold diplomas permitting them to practise medicine in the United States shall be allowed to practise as doctors in Egypt. This is a step in the right direction, but it is little to our credit, as the

occupiers of Egypt, that America should be the first power to move in the disgraceful matter.

There should be a standard test for doctors of every nationality wishing to practise in Egypt. No competent, qualified medical man would refuse to submit to such a test, and in this way the ordinary resident in Egypt could distinguish between doctors and charlatans—a thing of extreme difficulty under the present loose system. There should also be a standard test for midwives, no matter of what nationality.

If there be any who think that I have exaggerated as to the evil works of quack doctors and midwives, let them apply to any of the religious institutions or to the societies for the protection of women in Egypt, and my depositions will be not only verified but found to be understated rather than otherwise.

The voice of Egypt is struggling to be heard and answered on this open and unabashed scandal which threatens the health and safety of the nation—especially that of the women and children.

As I have before stated, Lord Kitchener has declared, with a sigh, that half the babes born in Egypt die in their infancy. Will those who profess to follow the Christian teachings pause just for one second and consider this terrible indictment against our mission in Egypt that comes from the lips of our great Proconsul? Fifty out of every hundred children born die whilst they are yet infants under British rule.

Since the rampant system of murder by paid parasites, assisted by harlots whom age has compelled to abandon Babylonia, has taken possession of the land,

public opinion has been voiced through the newspapers in a most vehement manner. Still, it has failed to eradicate or even prune the growth of murder by false diploma, and, in despair, has now abandoned the task as hopeless, summing up the situation thus : —“ We and our children are cursed by the Capitulations.”



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CAPITULATION LAWS.

#### LORD KITCHENER'S DISPATCH.

As I am fully conscious that the full scope and meaning of the Capitulation Laws which govern Egypt are unknown generally—nor is the clogging of all that is healthful or just under these obsolete laws understood, especially by the British—I will set down, without any extenuation, several cases of their application that came under my immediate notice.

There are, of course, hundreds of such cases, but the purpose of this book is to lay bare the trade in women and girls, the hold that lust and all its attendant evils has upon Egypt, and the stigma that the licentious riot is casting upon the British as occupiers and governors, and upon the French as active partners in the development of Egypt. That purpose cannot be fully attained without showing the cause of the disastrous licentiousness which is permeating and killing all that is good and pure in Egypt.

The principal cause is found in the Capitulation Laws, which paralyse all efforts to do good from a social and moral standpoint. First, I will take the Adamovitch case, not merely because it is a flagrant case of justice being perverted, but because it is fresh in the mind of Europe, having been debated in the British House of Commons and throughout France, Russia, Germany, Egypt and America.

Alexander Adamovitch is a Russian subject and,

I believe, a man of wide culture and advanced thoughts, who refused to see things political eye to eye with the Russian leaders of a terrible bureaucracy. It is alleged that he advocated a democratic propaganda amongst the men of the Russian navy. The Russian police were soon on his track, and he, like a wise man with a desire to keep his head upon his shoulders, fled from Russia. But, unlike a wise man, he chose Egypt as an asylum. His one thought was that the British flag flies in Egypt, and wherever the Union Jack is hoisted a political refugee is safe.

No sooner had he landed in Egypt than the Russian Government demanded his body, under the Capitulation Laws. No crime, no accusation of any kind was lodged against the unfortunate refugee. Russia instructed its consul, who said, "We want that man, so tell your police to arrest him and hand him and his papers over to us for deportation to Russia."

This was done by the Egyptian police, and Adamovitch and his papers were handed, without demur, to the Russian consul in Egypt. The man is now held in security by Russia in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

When the case was before the British Parliament, Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, in reply to Mr. Morrell, said: "I do not know what the evidence was, nor whether it was ever in the possession of the Egyptian authorities; I can enquire as to this, but it is not a material point, for it is not necessary—according to the practice under the Capitulations—for any offence to be stated in order to secure an arrest."

Mr. Morrell: " May I ask whether my right hon. friend has any precedent in support of what he says is the practice? "

Sir Edward Grey: " If no offence is stated we do not know where the alleged offence is committed, whether inside Egypt or outside. I have given three instances, and more have been brought before me in which arrests were asked for by foreign consuls without stating any charge, or whether the alleged offence was committed inside or outside, or what it was."

That is Britain's humiliating position explained by Sir Edward Grey without waste of words. Are Englishmen satisfied? If they are, the valour and chivalry of the race is certainly degenerating.

But to proceed. In Cairo, cases even more brutal than that of Adamovitch are of almost daily occurrence under the Capitulations. Here is one. Two Greeks were accused of murdering an old woman for the purpose of robbery. The case was clear and undeniable. One of the accused was a local subject—*i.e.*, he had become a citizen of Egypt and was, therefore, subject to the laws of the country. He was found guilty and duly executed. The other man, whose guilt was equally established, was a subject of Greece; so the Greek consul intervened under the Capitulation Laws and demanded that his countryman should be sent to Greece for trial.

The British handed the murderer of the old woman over to the Greek consul, and he was sent to Greece for trial, which resulted in a sentence of two years' imprisonment. By some mysterious calculation of

the Greek authorities, the murderer was back in Cairo within a year, smilingly content, and probably ready to murder any number of old ladies with money, always provided he could be sent back to Greece under the Capitulation Laws to pay the penalty by undergoing a beneficial "rest cure."

Here is another case, about as bloody and revolting as that of Crippen in England. According to the evidence advanced at the trial, there stayed at a certain lodging house kept by a native woman five Greeks, one of whom was supposed to have a little money in his possession, say £30.

After a time the men disappeared, leaving behind their effects, and when ten or twelve days had elapsed two of them returned to the house to claim their belongings. Money was owing to the woman of the house, and consequently she informed another of her lodgers, a native policeman, of the affair. Upon entering a closed room on the ground floor which had been occupied by the Greeks, the native policeman detected a queer, nauseating smell. On investigation, this odour was found to emanate from a box at the back of the room. The man promptly informed his superior officer, who opened the box and discovered the body of a murdered man, whose brains had been dashed out.

Evidence was gathered that the four Greeks had murdered their companion and robbed him of his money and other belongings. A watch was set for the murderers. Two on returning to the lodgings were arrested and charged with murder, but the



remaining pair had made good their escape and were in hiding in Salonica. The men arrested were promptly demanded by the Greek consul and, no evidence being at hand to prove that they were not Greek citizens, they were reluctantly handed over to him by the British in accordance with the Capitulation Laws.

The men were sent to Greece to stand their trial, and, the case of murder being so clear against them that the Greek court was compelled to see justice done, they were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Within the year, however, they were back in Egypt, disguised only by having their beards shaved. The two men who escaped proved to be local subjects and, by a passport they possessed, the British were able to bring them back to Cairo, where they were put on trial. Proof being established that they were not the actual murderers, but accessories before the act, they received fourteen years' each for their implication in the crime.

When leaving the court to undergo their punishment they were met at the door by the real murderers, who commiserated with them in their misfortune. "Oh, the passport, the passport! But for that we should now be at liberty!" they cried.

The passport was the main evidence against them, inasmuch as it proved them local subjects amenable to the law of the country instead of to the wretched perversion of all that is just or righteous under the Capitulation Laws, which hold the murderer, the robber, and the white slaver immune from all serious consequences, provided a consul is empowered to

exert those damnable laws in the interest of the malefactor.

Another example of justice (?) in Egypt is the fact that whereas a local culprit convicted of incendiarism is sent to gaol for seven years, a foreigner, under the Capitulation Laws, probably receives three months' imprisonment, or if he has money a fine will suffice ; if he has friends and money the consul may tender him an apology for troubling him.

Two men were arrested for carrying firearms. One, a local subject, was heavily fined, but the other (being a foreigner) was merely admonished by his consul when he went up for judgment for breaking the laws of the country.

Again, the law of Egypt decrees that no person shall take a dog into the streets or any public place unless the animal be muzzled.

Notwithstanding this law, on one occasion a British police officer noticed a pompous individual strolling along a thoroughfare accompanied by a big unmuzzled dog, and upon the official venturing to remonstrate with the offender, the following conversation ensued :—

"Pardon me," said the officer, "your dog is unmuzzled, and the law of the country requires you to muzzle it."

"I am above your law, Mr. Officer," the man replied with a supercilious air and a strong German accent.

"Well," stammered the officer, hardly knowing what brand of new Egyptian god with an unmuzzled dog he had struck, "even Lord Kitchener muzzles his dog."

"That may be," was the retort, "but I am not bound by what Lord Kitchener does."

I do not think the Kaiser himself would assume such an overbearing attitude as that taken by this gentleman from Germany who resides in Egypt to administer the Capitulation Laws, under which Egypt groans and insecurity and discontent flourish.

Quite an army of "ready-made defendants" is thriving on the weakness of the laws and the utter rottenness of their administration. For instance, supposing a native man or woman (being amenable to the country's laws) is summoned by the law for some petty offence, then the up-to-date plan of escaping some heavy penalty is to engage, through a regular and established officer for that purpose, a "foreign" defendant. He, for a trifle down and a promise for the future, goes to court and asserts that it is all a mistake, for he is the real culprit; "it was *his* dog that bit the butcher or stole the butcher's meat—the native charged being miles from the spot at the time the offence was committed."

The court listens to the "explanation," sends the "ready-made defendant" to his consul—the Greek consul, as it usually happens—and there the matter ends. It is just a simple question of stopping litigation and doing away with justice. This ruse is worked for all that it is worth in Egypt.

One other case, and then I am finished—for the present, at least. A native was charged with cruelty to his horse, and when he and his horse and cart arrived at the *Caracol* some genius suggested that the

culprit should employ a "defendant." The native readily agreed to any expedient that would allow him to proceed with his business of sand-shifting. The obliging "defendant" made his appearance in court, declared he was the owner of the horse, claimed protection under the Capitulation Laws, and was sent off to his consul. However, the latter (having had a slight attack of liver disorder) promptly fined his compatriot 60 P. as a warning not to trouble him again when biliousness was exploiting his liver. The defendant hurried off in pursuit of the poor man with the poor horse, but both man and beast refused to acknowledge him, and in despair the defendant tried vainly to discover from the police how he might recover his 60 P.

The Cairo police a few months ago effected the arrest of three men, who for some time past had been deriving a profitable livelihood from decoying young girls into one of the small hotels situated off the Rue Clot Bey and the Wagh el Birket in the Esbekieh district, and there drugging, assaulting, and robbing them. The men were Chrysto Chrysidis and Stylios Pendaki (both Greeks) and Aslan Hassan (a French subject). Their method of work was for the first two to accost young girls in the street and entice them to a hotel under the pretext that they were the emissaries of a rich bey who had been attracted by a particular girl and wished to reward her—a story which in most cases achieved its purpose. Arrived at the hotel, Aslan Hassan would appear in the guise of a bey, and refreshments would be produced, which, being drugged, soon rendered



the unfortunate victim unconscious, when she would not only be robbed but assaulted by the ruffians.

Captain Phillips and three other police officials arrested the three in the Heliopolis Hotel in Rue Clot Bey. They were conducted to the *Caracol* where they were confronted by three of their victims. Chrysto Chrysidis and Aslan Hassan, having established their identity, were handed over to their respective consulates to be dealt with, but Stylios Pendaki could produce no papers and was accordingly imprisoned at the disposal of the native Parquet.

Perhaps the public will find time to observe, from the published account of this police-court case, the disgraceful state into which justice has descended in Egypt. Here we find vile ruffians systematically planning traps for girls, trapping, drugging, assaulting, and finally robbing them. Their guilt being fully established, what happens under the anti-Christ laws of Cairo? Chrysto Chrysidis and Aslan Hassan pleading that they were foreign subjects and therefore not amenable to the laws governing Egypt, were handed over to their respective consuls to be dealt with (under the outrageous Capitulation Laws) according to the laws of their respective countries. The result of such legal mockery is that miscreants are generally set at liberty by their consuls or sub-consuls with profuse apologies, and they are then at liberty to go forth and destroy other little girls if the occupation is congenial to them. Chrysidis and Hassan were discharged by their consuls, while the other wretch was sent to prison until he could find evidence proving

him to be a Greek or an Italian. Then he would have an opportunity of joining his putrid companions and commencing operations anew on the children of Egypt.

In England, these vile wretches would be flogged and imprisoned. In Australia, they would be hanged—and even hanging is far too merciful for such degenerate members of the human family. However, the point I wish to emphasise is this : If we are really Christians—and not altogether first-class hypocrites, who grow sleek and fat on our empty protestations of virtue and rectitude—are we going to sit idle in our easy chairs and allow such infernal work against the maids of Egypt to continue under the name of British law and British justice ? If we are going to sit idle, well, we may look for an anathema from Christ to be followed by the same awful force and reality as that which followed His prophetic curse on Jerusalem.

In support of the contentions in this book, I append as an important addendum the dispatch from Lord Kitchener to Sir Edward Grey, under date June 8th, 1913.

The document will surely surprise many easy-going Britishers who congratulate themselves that all is well in Egypt.

Lord Kitchener has, from his responsible position as Proconsul in Egypt, adopted the mildest form of placing before the public the British position in Egypt under the Capitulations. Yet the unhealthy facts remain cold, hard, and repugnant to all that is British :—

DISPATCH FROM HIS MAJESTY'S AGENT AND  
CONSUL-GENERAL AT CAIRO RESPECTING  
THE ARREST OF ALEXANDER ADAMOVITCH.

*Viscount Kitchener to Sir Edward Grey.*—(Received  
June 17.)

*Cairo, June 8, 1913.*

SIR,—

I have the honour to report as follows on the subject of the arrest at Alexandria on the 8th ultimo of Alexander Adamovitch, *alias* Sergius Pesotschewsky :—

The Alexandria police had for some time past, in conjunction with the Russian consul, been watching the movements of a Russian suspected anarchist, who was later on denounced by the captain of a Russian ship to the consul as Adamovitch, a well-known revolutionary, who had instigated the strikes among the crews at Odessa. After communication with the Russian Government, the consul applied verbally to the Governor of Alexandria for Adamovitch's arrest, when a perquisition was made in his house with the assistance of the German consul, as Adamovitch was in the possession of a German passport under the name of Alexander Kornelson. I should explain, however, that the German consulate does not recognise Adamovitch as a German subject. Adamovitch was accused of being a Russian revolutionary who last year led the revolutionary movement of the crews of the merchant vessels at Odessa, and put himself at the head of their strike. A search which was made after the arrest showed that Adamovitch had been in the habit of boarding all Russian

ships arriving at Alexandria for the purpose of carrying on revolutionary propaganda among the crews. He is at present in the Egyptian prison at the disposal of the Russian consul.

As the terms of the Capitulation treaties and the manner in which they are applied to foreigners in this country appear to be sometimes misunderstood, I have the honour to make some observations on the subject.

The principal articles of the Capitulations reserving to foreign representatives jurisdiction over their own subjects are the following :—

*French Capitulation of 1535.*

“ Article 4. Qu'en causes criminelles les dits marchands et autres sujets du Roi de France ne puissent être appelés des Turcs, Kharadjgugar ni autres devant le cadî, ni autres officiers du Grand Seigneur, et que les dits cadîs ni autres officiers ne les puissent juger ; mais sur l'heure les doivent mander à l'Excelte. Porte, et, en l'absence d'icelle Porte, au principal lieutenant du Grand Seigneur, là où vaudra le témoignage du sujet du Roi et du Kharadjgugar du Grand Seigneur.”\*

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\* TRANSLATION.—“ Article 4. That in criminal cases the said merchants and other subjects of the King of France may not be summoned by the Turks, the Kharadjgugar, or others before the cadî, or other officers of the Grand Signor, and that neither the said cadîs nor other officers may judge them ; but shall summon them at once to the Sublime Porte, and, in default of the said Porte, to the principal lieutenant of the Grand Signor, to a place where the evidence of the subject of the King and of the Kharadjgugar of the Grand Signor shall carry due weight.”



*English Capitulation of 1675.*

"Article 42. That in case any Englishman, or other person navigating under their flag, shall happen to commit manslaughter, or any other crime, or be involved in a lawsuit, the Governors in our sacred dominion shall not proceed to the cause until the Ambassador or consul shall be present, but they shall hear and decide it together without their presuming to give them any the least molestation, by hearing it alone, contrary to the holy law and these Capitulations."

The principle seems most clearly stated in the American Capitulation Treaty of 1831, article 4:—

"Les citoyens des États-Unis d'Amérique vaquant paisiblement aux affaires de leur commerce et qui ne sont ni accusés ni convaincus de quelque crime ou délit ne seront point molestés ; et si même ils avaient commis quelque délit, ils ne seront ni arrêtés ni mis en prison par les autorités locales, mais ils seront jugés par leur Ministre ou consul, et punis suivant leur délit et suivant la coutume établie à l'égard des Francs."\*

The fundamental principle of the inviolability of domicile of foreigners in Ottoman territory is laid down in the French Capitulation of 1740 in the following terms:—

"Article 70. Les gens de justice et les officiers

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\* TRANSLATION.—"The citizens of the United States of America who attend peaceably to their business and who are neither accused nor convicted of any crime or offence shall not be molested ; and even if they had committed some offence, they shall neither be arrested nor put in prison by the local authorities, but shall be judged by their minister or consul and punished in accordance with their offence, and in accordance with the custom established with regard to the Franks."

de ma Sublime Porte, de même que les gens d'épée, ne pourront sans nécessité entrer par force dans une maison habitée par un Français ; et lorsque le cas requerra d'y entrer, on en avertira l'Ambassadeur ou le consul, dans les endroits où il y en aura, et l'on se transportera dans l'endroit en question, avec les personnes qui auront été commis de leur part ; et si quelqu'un contrevient à cette disposition, il sera châtié."\*

No actual mention is made in the Capitulations of any obligation on the part of the local police to arrest a foreign subject at the request of his consul and to deliver him over. Writers on the Capitulations appear to take this obligation for granted. One of the best known authorities, G. P. du Rausas, deals specifically with the point. He lays down that the obligation exists ; the Ottoman State having abandoned its sovereign rights, and having recognised foreign sovereignty in regard to such subjects, "l'étranger reste soumis à toutes les lois de son pays, tant pénales que civiles, et l'exécution de toutes ces lois peut et doit être assurée contre lui." There is no doubt that this view is shared by all the Powers and by their representatives in Egypt.

It is indeed evident that the only practical method of carrying into effect the principles of the Capitu-

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\* TRANSLATION.—"Article 70. The officers of justice and the officers of my Sublime Porte, as also the swordsmen, shall not without necessity enter by force into a house inhabited by a Frenchman ; and when the case shall require them to enter therein, the Ambassador or consul shall be warned of it in places where they reside, and they shall enter into the place in question, together with the persons who have been delegated by them ; and if anyone infringes this provision he shall be punished."

lations and of assuring to foreign Powers the enjoyment of their rights and privileges under them is for the Egyptian police to co-operate with the consular authorities in making arrests. This course was at once adopted, and has been consecrated by long usage. It must also be remembered that the majority of offences committed by foreigners are against local laws, and the local authorities, being unable themselves to deal with the offender, are ready and even anxious to deliver him over to his consul in order to secure his prompt punishment.

The course followed now and for as long as we have any record is the following : The foreign consul calls upon the local police to assist him in arresting one of his own nationals. He sometimes does this by a personal verbal appeal to the police, or by sending one of his officials or dragomans to them, sometimes by a written application. In about three out of four of these applications no mention is made of any charge against the person to be arrested, and it is, in practice, very unusual for a charge to be preferred. The police then proceed to arrest the foreign subject designated to them. They take him as soon as possible to the consulate, and hand him over to his consul, obtaining a receipt for him.

The consul may incarcerate the prisoner in his own consular prison, but few, if any, of the consuls now possess one. The consul usually proceeds at once to deliver the prisoner over to the local prisons department. He either sends him to the prison with his own cavasses, or the local police who have brought the prisoner to the consulate are asked to take him on to the prison, in which case they comply with the request, being furnished with a letter from

the consul to the prison authorities. The consul may now try the prisoner before his own consular court, and may punish or expel him, or he may deport him to be tried before some court in his own country. The last course is usually followed in regard to graver crimes by all countries, excepting Greece, which has an assize court in Egypt. But a person incarcerated at the request of his consul in an Egyptian prison may also be detained there indefinitely without trial and without the Egyptian Government having any say in the matter, the consul being only amenable to his own laws on the subject, of which the local authorities have no cognisance.

The consular prisoners are kept in special cells reserved for Europeans, and apart from the native cells. Suitable furniture, including a bed, is furnished by the prisons administration at a charge of 1 piastre per day for each prisoner, to be paid by his consul. Prison dress is furnished without charge to prisoners undergoing sentence. Food is provided by the consuls from outside, and the scale on which this is done remains at the discretion of the latter, although the prison authorities, of course, assure themselves that adequate nourishment is supplied.

The rights and privileges in regard to immunity from arrest by the local police which are enjoyed by foreigners in virtue of the Capitulations are lengthy and complicated, but the following are their main features :—

No foreigner can be arrested without the consent of his consul, or without the presence of that consul or his delegate, unless he is taken *in flagrante delicto*. In the latter case the consul must be at once in-



formed, and the prisoner must be handed over to him within twenty-four hours. As a rule the consul appears and claims the prisoner at once.

The police may penetrate into a public establishment to affect an arrest, but cannot enter into a private domicile belonging to a foreigner without the presence of a consular delegate or the express permission of the foreigner concerned, except in cases of calls for help, fire, or inundation. If a foreigner seen *in flagrante delicto* and pursued by the police takes refuge in a foreigner's house, the police surround the house and endeavour to prevent his escape until the presence of a consular delegate has been secured. If the nationality of the offender and of the owner of the house are different, the presence of the consular delegates of both the nationalities concerned is obligatory.

The effect of such restrictions on police work can easily be imagined.

The following is a list of foreigners imprisoned by their consuls during the past twelve months in Egyptian prisons:—

			Cairo.	Alexandria.	Port Saïd.
Italians	..	..	46	68	28
French	..	..	14	30	11
Russians	..	..	13	15	—
Austrians	..	..	8	5	—
Germans	..	..	2	4	—
Greeks	..	..	1	34	—
American	..	..	—	—	1
Dutch..	..	..	—	1	—
Roumanians	..	..	—	2	—
Total	..	..	84	159	40

As examples of the above cases the following may be taken :—

In December, 1912, a Greek subject named Stelio Petrachi, residing at Cairo, was accused of having set fire to some property belonging to another Greek, and was arrested by the police with the assistance of the Greek consul at Cairo, who investigated the case, with the result that the accused was found guilty of the crime with which he was charged. He was tried by the Consular Assize Court at Alexandria, and condemned to six months' imprisonment in an Egyptian prison.

In February last an Italian subject named Ernest Mazza was arrested by the police in the act of attempting to murder an Italian woman at Cairo. He was handed over to the Italian consulate, by whom the case was examined. The consul being satisfied that the crime had been committed, the accused was tried by the Consular Court and condemned to six months' imprisonment.

In March a Tunisian named Ibrahim Shawesh Effendi, residing in Alexandria, and enjoying French protection, was suspected of murdering his native cook, and was denounced by the Alexandria police, who were the first to discover the crime, to the French consulate. The latter agreed to the man's arrest, and opened an enquiry, with the result that he was committed to take his trial for the murder. As soon as the enquiry is definitely closed Shawesh will be sent to Aix-en-Provence to be tried by the Assize Court there.

In June, 1912, two Greek newspapers, called *Ethniki* and *Vosporos* respectively, one of which was published at Alexandria and the other at

Cairo, made a violent attack on the Greek consul at Cairo, M. Verenikis. In September the Greek Chargé d'Affaires caused the two editors to be arrested by the Egyptian police and expelled from the country. He informed the Egyptian Government at the same time, and asked them to issue the necessary instructions for the prompt suppression of the two papers, and to take steps that no more copies were printed. The Egyptian Government informed the Governors of Alexandria and Cairo accordingly, and the two newspapers were suppressed.

I have, &c.

KITCHENER.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE RAIDERS AT WORK.

#### COMMERCIALISED HORROR.

When I wrote my book, "The White Slave Market," with Mrs. Mackirdy, I inserted a chapter entitled "The Plague in Egypt," in which I stated that the facts were gathered from actual experience and inside knowledge. Those facts were never denied, nor in any way doubted by people in Egypt who know what goes on; indeed, all I then said has from time to time been substantiated by revelation after revelation made by police raids on the dens in Cairo and Alexandria.

The unfortunate young girls—many of them mere children—whom the white slaver has procured for his market, are always held close prisoners. One raid, shortly after my book came out, discovered fifty-four women and children in two dens where they were awaiting their master's orders to be distributed. This nauseating discovery was cabled by Reuter to the London Press, *The Standard* particularly giving it prominence. Amongst the fifty-four girls captured from the dealers, sixteen were in a very diseased state, several were covered with sores, while others had lumps and bruises on their bodies—the results of being horribly beaten. Several of the girls were, I think, sent to a home—to the Greek home at Alexandria. The women who were ill entered the hospital, and the others were cared for to the best of the authorities



ability. But despite the dreadful revelations brought to light by this raid, nothing was done to any of the men who were known to have been concerned in this illicit traffic. Why? Echo may well answer "Why." The real reason was that they were foreigners and did not come within the scope of the Egyptian law as administered by the British.

The deadly Capitulations again! Since that raid, other discoveries of the ramifications of the traffickers have been made by the police, and at the moment of writing this chapter I am assured, by those who are in a position to know, that gangs of dastardly ruffians are carrying on a highly organised and lucrative trade in the bodies of women and girls. Nearly all of these poor wretches were innocent children when captured. Proof of this fearful work is daily before the authorities, but little or nothing can be done to bring the fiends to justice.

On the 6th of July last I was at the headquarters of the police at Cairo, having gone there to see Russell Bey on business. As I was departing, a messenger asked me if I would go into the room of Philippides Bey. I entered and found the kind-hearted, gentle-natured Philippides Bey in sore trouble over the case of a little girl of ten years who had been found in a house—not a public place of infamy, but one of those secret dens which abound in Cairo and where the awful work of bringing children into the life of shame is carried on.

I can only compare those secret rooms, where the girls are first lodged in Cairo after distribution, to the





CHILD SOLD FOR £12.

*Photographed in court at Cairo.*

secret assignation flats of London. The pretty little girl sat on a chair close to the big-hearted officer who, with all the sympathy possible, quietly questioned the child as a father talks to his children in sympathetic confidence.

The poor child—one of Christ's lambs—was shy at first. She toyed, in confusion, with a tiny sunshade in her lap. Her little round baby face was an emblem of innocence and purity of mind. She wore a dress, or tunic, of faded and dirty print, while over her head was thrown the black veil or head-dress worn by the native girls. It was a pitiable sight to see that child of Christ sitting within the huge police building at Cairo, alone and hundreds of miles away from her mother, who still toiled in Jerusalem in sight of the spot where He suffered death upon the Cross for all sinners.

Can a Christian mother picture to herself this little girl sitting in the police-court and being questioned by the kind-hearted officer as to how she came the hundreds of miles beyond the land where Our Lord lived? The presence of the child as she stared with her great eyes wide open and shining with honesty and truth, seemed to fascinate me. Her story struck deep into the mind and awakened pity in the heart. Was she, poor little innocent, a messenger from His land, from the old home in sight of His tomb, directed at that opportune moment to go into Cairo and, guarded by His spirit, tell the truth of the cruel slaughter of His children, His lambs? The plight of this baby messenger reminded me forcibly of another

girl-child whose history is full of tragic pathos. (I refer to Virginia, who lost her life that attention might be drawn to the iniquities of Rome.)

I believe it to be so, for from the hour of the child's rescue a different aspect has been put upon the work of the raiders. A fear seems to have taken hold upon good men and women who, horror-stricken, exclaim to each other in incredible tones, "Can such things be? Is the truth of the awful trade being revealed? Will men believe now they view the naked thoughts brought from His tomb by an innocent little child, His Messenger?" On my conscience, I believe the child to be His Messenger to tell the world the truth, so that good men and women may awaken to the work of the devil's agents and save His lambs.

The history of the little girl, her capture and mission in Cairo, is as follows: The child was born at Jerusalem, and her parents toiled in the Holy City. Her father died when she was very young, and her widowed mother continued to work for her daily bread under the very shadow of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is erected on the supposed spot where Jesus was crucified. Daily, the widow and her bright happy little daughter passed the holy place going to and returning from their toil.

One day they were accosted by a strange woman who said she had come from the land of Goshen. The unknown woman's face was dark, but her voice was soft, and her knowledge of the vast world far away from the Tomb was wonderful. The widow invited



her to sup and rest at her humble abode. After the supper of mead bread and water from the pure spring—perhaps the same spring from which Jesus drank by the wayside when He was weary of His pilgrimage on earth—the woman from the land of Goshen told the mother and her child of the wonders of the world beyond. She spoke of its riches, its palaces, churches and steeples, of the modern life where beauty counted, where men with gold married the poor girl if she was pretty enough to touch the springs of their nature that in turn touch the desire for the beautiful.

“Your little daughter, with her fine large eyes, her expression of intelligent simplicity, would surely attract attention and become great in Egypt,” the woman ventured at length, watching keenly the effect of her words on the ignorant mother.

With many such insidious phrases, all poisoned with the glitter of gold, the woman from the land of Goshen first tempted the mother and then bought the child. Three days’ work with the devil’s nets sufficed for the purpose; she produced gold by handfuls—gold that does more mischief in this world than all the juices of Hebenon or the secret poison of the deadly adder’s sting, for those are merciful in that they kill at once, whereas the power of gold is able to condemn the innocent and pure of heart to a living death.

The gold of the woman of Goshen awakened the desire of the widow for riches—a desire which had hitherto lain dormant. Now its jingle stifled reason and killed caution outright. The mother accepted

gold for her child ; an agreement in Arabic was drawn up on the spot, which gave the woman of Goshen all rights and control over the child.

The woman of Jerusalem, having accepted the forty pieces of gold, handed her beautiful child over to the stranger, who set out at once with the little girl for Cairo. When they arrived at Jaffa, the woman was joined by another who had in her charge four little girls. A strange-looking man also joined the party, and in due course these raiders arrived with their "catch" in Cairo. The child from Jerusalem was taken to a house on the outskirts of Cairo, where she was allowed to rest after the wearisome journey. She was also given a new print dress with a short skirt, shoes, and stockings, and the head-dress in which she appears in the photograph facing page 85.

Whilst in this safe place the woman brought several men to look at the child. But it was some days before one was found to "fancy" her. When her new owner had concluded the bargain his human purchase was conveyed at night to his rooms in another part of the city. What actually took place in that ante-room to hell is not clear, for at any reference to her entry into the room tears filled the child's beautiful large eyes, her little mouth quivered, and her speech was incoherent. It was with the greatest difficulty that the child was induced to whisper some of the horrors into the ear of the big-hearted, sympathetic Philip-pides Bey, whose eyes moistened with tears of anger and shame as he listened to the child's statements.

Once in the room, the baby girl instinctively

dreaded an outrage—why or how she knew not, since her mind was pure and innocent. She resisted and struggled, calling loudly upon Allah, the god of her people, to save her.

“No, no. Allah will save me!” she loudly proclaimed. “Allah! Allah! Beloved Allah! who always saves good little girls, save me, save me! I want to go back to Jerusalem to my mother. Allah! Allah!” she screamed at the top of her voice.

Her piercing cries resounded throughout the barricaded den in which she stood alone with her man-devil destroyer. No thought of human aid possessed the child. She appealed to the God of the Moham-medans to save her from destruction. Surely, even the most callous, irreligious man or woman this world possesses will not, after this poor child’s appeal to the God of her fathers, deny the efficacy of fervent prayer from the heart of the poorest and loneliest of God’s creatures. The prayers of this poor little lamb, already secured within the shambles for the butchering of the innocents, were heard. Her voice, ascending into heaven, awakened God’s pity, for, as though by a miracle, a native policeman passing the lonely house heard the child’s supplication. The words “Allah, save me!” appealed to the Egyptian policeman, as the words, “My God, save me!” would appeal to the Christian mind. The policeman forced the door and rescued the child, her tormentor fled, and the little one was conveyed in safety to Philippides Bey, who at once set the law—or the tattered remnant of an apology for a law—in motion. The woman was

arrested and charged, and the little girl was placed in safety.

The officers tell me that the greatest difficulty would be experienced in meting out justice to this woman, because, prompted no doubt by her master, the raider, she had declared herself to be a foreign subject, and therefore amenable only to the consular law of the Capitulations. The little girl is with a pious Mohammedan family and will be cared for by the authorities. I offered to bring her, at my own expense, to Christian England as a living witness (before those who have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear) of the slaughter of the innocents in the land which protected Jesus from the sword of Herod.

Whilst the case alluded to was being investigated by the authorities, another woman—I think she was a Greek—was arrested for selling two little girls of ten and fourteen years of age respectively. The police had noticed this woman, who was a new arrival, with two little girls, and became suspicious of her. From a convenient spot a police officer watched the house, which was in the suburbs, and discovered that each night the same routine was gone through. A carriage would drive up to the house, one of the children would be taken up and driven away in the direction of the city, and after a time the carriage would return and the child alight, the woman approaching to take any money from her. Thus, the unwholesome business proceeded nightly until the police interfered and arrested the woman and children. One of the girls was found to be in a deplorable state. The



other, the ten-year-old child, was not so bad, but bad enough, in all conscience. It transpired that the children had come to Cairo from Syria with eight other little girls. They had been hired out in twos to women who conduct the infamous trade in girls in a way in which they considered would escape detection. What the raider—the wretch who went out scouring the country for the children of poor women to plunge into the life of debauchery in Cairo—made, or expected to make, out of the traffic has not been ascertained, because the woman under arrest will not say anything, except to reiterate that she is not a local subject nor a British subject. She claims her consul's protection, under the infamous Capitulation Laws, whilst the real raider is probably sipping his coffee at one of the numerous restaurants and awaiting his dividends from the traffic in children who are made to work the road to hell in order to fill his pockets.

In the chapter of my book, "The White Slave Market," dealing with the raiders, and already referred to in these pages, I said that eleven children whom I saw in Egypt were to be distributed to different houses of infamy the next day. I thought at the time that the invariable mode of distribution was to send the children into bad houses, but I find it is not always so. The children so captured are distributed, but not always to such dens. This is how the raiders work. A company of six or seven Turks, or half-breeds between the Turk and the Bulgarian, are in league. They act together, but are never seen in company. Two of them work the islands, amongst



the very poor ; two conduct the company's affairs in Greece, also exploring Roumania and Bulgaria, and watching Constantinople ; two work Syria, where the biggest harvest of girls comes from ; and the head of the gang remains at Cairo. All these parties in the trust have active women agents who go from town to town and from village to village in search of girl-children suitable for the markets at Alexandria, Port Said, Cairo, Ishmalia, and other places.

There are two classes of girls for whom they look and never fail to get. The first class is comprised of innocent children who are pretty, like the little girl from Jerusalem. Such children are marketable at good cash prices, and this class show the best profit because, being very young, innocent, and having tasted nothing except the terrible dregs of poverty, they have very few wants. Until their baby innocence is destroyed, they are no trouble to their vile masters. On their journey to the scene of their destruction, they are always happy, singing the merry songs of their old home, or laughing, joking, and building castles in the air as to all the great things they are going to do when they commence life in the great city of the Pyramids. They chatter happily together of the fine things they are going to buy for "mammy" and for little brothers and baby sisters. Thus, with youthful buoyant hope and the detraction of the strange shifting scenes of the panorama which is to lead them on to death, they are easily satisfied, easy to manage, as easy to take into the shambles and destroy as is the defenceless lamb in the hands of the butcher.

But with class number two it is a different story. This class consists of girls who have already entered the life of shame. They are engaged, after much bargaining, to go to Egypt to enter houses of the same character as those in which they are already living. They know the life, they know the cost of living, the gains, etc. If they agree to change houses, they require numerous concessions and proper treatment *en route*, and as a rule they will not travel other than first class. They know full well that the raider or his women assistants are breaking the law, and if they cared to speak they could have these people punished. So, they are a constant source of worry and annoyance to the man who trades in girls' flesh. He does not like this class, and I am told by one who knows all the tricks of the revolting trade that he brings or sends over this class of girl only to oblige the old customers.

With the innocent baby-girls it is quite different. They are generally brought to Cairo or Alexandria in pairs—never more than three children at one time. Once arrived at their destination, they are lodged in houses on the outskirts of Cairo. Here they are kept close prisoners, rested, and dressed in clean clothes, after which the work of distribution takes place. The head man in Cairo frequents the cafés to obtain "clients," for in these places he is well known and has active agents. After much inspecting and bargaining the children are sold, generally singly—not always, nor as a rule, to the keepers of bad houses, but to individual men who have rooms throughout the great city.

They now become the servants of their new owners and are generally well dressed and well fed, but kept close prisoners. For further safety, many of these children are married to old men, who receive recompense for the use of their names in the form of a few piastres per week. Thus the child enters her new life as the wife of an old man, whom she has seen only once in her life. This is done to prevent the interference of the police, who have no power to interfere with a married woman.

One old man was pointed out to me as being the "business husband" of four young girls, all of whom were led into the life of sin for money. Once the girl is properly established in her new home and all nonsense and "castles in the air" knocked out of her, she becomes a valuable commercial asset to her owner who takes friends to his place for coffee, etc., making all the money he can out of the child—directly, or by means of blackmailing the younger members of the male community, who are often caught in traps laid for them with great cunning.

It is no uncommon thing for a gambler who has had a good spell of luck with the dice to find a ready prompter at his elbow, advising him to take such and such a young Syrian girl away with him for a trip, perhaps only for a week or two. For such diversion, forty or fifty pounds sterling—or even as much as one hundred pounds—has been given. No one can interfere, as everything is safely secured, and it is for this safety that the trader claims his large sums.

When a girl's "owner" grows tired of her, or the

unfortunate creature is losing her beauty and innocence, her lord and master, who has paid, say, one hundred pounds for her—fifty pounds down and the balance on a bill of exchange—returns her to her first owner, the raider, or merely turns her on the streets. She is then drafted gradually, but surely, into the great army of prostitutes, either licensed or unlicensed, and her late master gets another girl-slave, or perhaps two. So the wholesale distribution of the young goes on, and the raiders are continually busy keeping up the supply. It is said by one in Cairo, who is in a position to know, that at least 1,000 little children are thus captured and sold every year in Alexandria and Cairo. Besides this systematic destruction of girls, there is a wholesale trade done in bringing over and selling to the sons of well-to-do people young maidens. These men are willing to pay large sums and keep the girls well, are very strict with them, and will not allow them to go out without the Turkish veil covering their faces lest vulgar men should behold them. Some of the rich young men keep as many as four or five of these captured girls, but they inevitably make a point of insisting that their victims be unsullied. They are kept for years, or until their sensuous master wearies of them, when they are scattered, like autumn leaves, hither and thither by any chance wind that blows, until disease and death relieves them of their accursed pilgrimage.

Other children, for whom a master cannot be found, as I have already described, are dealt with in yet another way. The reason they remain unchosen may



be because of some physical defect, such as a cast in the eye. The "girl-fancier" in Egypt has a superstitious dislike of the girl who is marred with an unsightly turn of the eyes. A skin eruption is also a drawback for a girl for whom the white slave trader wishes to find an owner, while a sulky or weeping girl-child—fretting for her mother and little play-mates far away—frequently will not sell at all. The man who wants to buy requires the perfect article without tears, sobs, sighs, regrets, or trouble. No man in Egypt with his eyes open will buy trouble, and especially at the price demanded by the raider. On the other hand, for the bright, happy, contented girl—she who can dance pleasingly, touch the strings of a guitar skilfully, or rattle the tambourine effectively—there is a ready market. The discarded, unsaleable girls, who displease both raider and would-be purchaser by either their personal defects or a superfluity of tears, sobs, and sighs, are generally handed over to women whom the traders term "mothers." The "mother" is the type of woman mentioned in the first part of this chapter. She lets the girls out on hire to several of her customers, who take the children for "friendly" drives and excursions. How she pays the trader no one seems to know—the one thing certain is that discarded girl-children *are* got rid of in the manner I describe.

The first question that a decent man or woman may ask is: "Why are such abominations permitted in a country garrisoned by the British?" The reply is summed up in five words: "Because of the Capitu-



lation Laws!" If a man is caught practising such abominations in the United Kingdom he can, under the recently-passed White Slave law, be imprisoned and flogged. A woman caught following the same trade can, under the same law, be very severely punished. The law referred to is in full force and effect in Egypt, but it applies only to subjects controlled by Britain. No English man or woman is engaged in the trade of "girl-catching" there, so the law is a dead letter, simply because it does not touch the host of offenders who are foreigners and who can, therefore, claim the protection of their consuls. The scoundrels are absolutely immune from adequate punishment or, in most cases, from any punishment at all.

Thus, we see the strongest, the greatest, and the richest nation on earth occupying a country where the worst abominations are practised on the innocent children we set out to protect. Yet, we are paralysed by a set of conditions which we seem afraid to smash up in the interest of Christianity, or even of common humanity. I believe it was ex-President Roosevelt who said emphatically to the British when referring to our position in Egypt, "Govern, or get out!"

When these revelations of horror are published broadcast, will religious England say to the Government, "Govern after the Word and teachings of Christ, or leave the country?" Will Christian England, I ask, demand that we should endeavour to uphold our standard of Christian purity and honour in Egypt, even though the attempt should result in our having to leave the country to other nations?

Better yield our occupation, disastrous as such a measure may seem politically, than continue to occupy a position more deadly false than any held by any country since the days of civilisation began.

In my book with Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy—the “White Slave Market”—I dealt with the raiders of girl-flesh in Egypt, but as my statements have been quite recently challenged I will, in self-defence, now quote passages from what I then wrote and append my explanation:—

“At the moment of writing these lines, native raiders, traders in girl flesh, and procurers are busy scouring Upper Egypt, Arabia, the small islands washed by the Ægean Sea, and Greece—securing, ravishing, and herding together young, innocent, and totally ignorant girls to maintain the supply of human flesh to meet the fearful demand that *exists in houses of ill-fame in Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, and minor seaport towns in the Near East.*

“Most of these abominable raiders and traders are half Egyptian, half Arabian; some are half Turks, half Arabian. Their helpless victims are taken in consignments to the horrible sacrifice. Generally they are rested outside Cairo, or off Alexandria, or Port Said, where purchasers of the living flesh arrive in ones and twos and take their pick after the children have been exhibited to the purchasers in the nude.

“‘Feed my lambs’.”—was the beautiful injunction of Jesus.

“‘Kill Christ’s lambs’”—is the fearful oath of the white slave raider—and this in the face of Christendom.”

I then proceeded to say how incredulous I was of the statement made to me in reference to the barbarities of the traffic, and, finally, how I arranged with a hotel clerk to take me to a house outside Cairo where several children were held in bondage before being distributed.

The statement proceeds :—

“ Some days afterwards the clerk told me that a batch of young Greek and Rhodes Island girls had come to town and I had better see them that night, for they might be distributed the following day as the customers were going out to inspect them. I fixed an hour in the afternoon, and at the appointed time I pocketed my revolver (as a precautionary measure), filled my pockets with Burma cigars, and, accompanied by the hotel clerk, drove off in a ramshackle trap to one of the suburbs of Cairo.

“ In due course we arrived at an Egyptian two-storey building abutting on to the street. After knocking several times, we were admitted and ushered into a dark, musty, dusty sitting-room on the right. Having sat there for a few minutes staring at each other, a young Egyptian man, in native costume and with slippered feet, came along the passage, from the back of the building. An animated conversation in Arabic, punctuated with full-stops and full stares at me, followed between the Egyptian and my clerk friend. The young Egyptian appeared to have been taken by surprise, and I deemed it prudent to be on the *qui vive* to avoid the contingency of any surprise being sprung on me.

“ After further debate the clerk intimated to me that ‘ cash down ’ was the stake at issue. I handed

him a sovereign, showed him another, and, while fumbling with the coins, 'accidentally' exposed the revolver in my vest pocket.

"The first sovereign having changed hands, the interesting individual in the native costume led the way to the back of the house and down eight or ten rickety wooden steps into a small, square-paved yard, enclosed prison-like by high brick walls. Crossing this yard, we went through a one-storey building, where cooking and washing-up operations were in full swing. Passing out from this building, we entered another yard paved with smooth stones. At the extreme end of this yard was a big, shed-like building, towards which the gentleman in native attire led the way, unlocked a large door, and bade us enter.

"My friend went first; I cautiously followed.

" 'There they are!' exclaimed the clerk. 'They have not long arrived. They are tired and not brushed up yet.'

"I shall never forget the sight. Up to that moment I had suspected that the whole thing was a mere ruse or a conspiracy of some kind that would end in an argument and in my losing at least a sovereign. But no; there sure enough, resting in different postures on mats on the stone floor, were eleven young girls. Poor little youngsters! Poor little children—offsprings of the poor, the beloved of the Founder of Christianity. What a spectacle—those tender, crouching little things, half-clothed, perhaps half-fed, with tear-scalded eyes and matted, tousled hair. I never wish to see such a sight again. I often wish I had never seen it. It first made me melancholy; then it made my blood boil. If the Kingdom of God truly be the inheritance of the poor, surely these poor little



kidnapped youngsters from Greece, Rhodes Island, and other islands washed by the Ægean Sea, will receive from God the pity which savage men and a brutalised Christianity deny them. They were, indeed, 'His lambs,' prepared for the 'butcher trafficker.' It was enough to make one curse the country that permitted such brutality to be perpetrated on the young and the innocent.

"I was informed that the eleven little maidens had been secured by a noted raider, principally from Tripoli, the poor island of Rhodes, and other small islands, and brought to Cairo for sale—for sale and purchase as openly as a butcher buys grass-fed lambs and drives them to the shambles to be butchered, devoured, and forgotten. Such was the fate of those eleven children."

The only points in this statement that cavillers at my action in publishing these facts might make were these:—

Children could not be brought into Egypt by the raiders and sold or assigned to houses of infamy, for no "missus" would be bothered with young children, and if they *were* brought at all it was as servants, in which capacity they were assigned or leased to private individuals. Their fate afterwards had nothing in common with Babylonia unless their master turned them out on to the streets to make room for a fresh or better-tempered child. Then, perhaps, they might join the sisterhood of the horrible profession.

The second point my critics try to make is that the clerk who accompanied me to see these children was a dragoman who, for ready money, is ready

to show visitors everything or anything to suit their taste.

My reply to this statement is—I believe the fellow who took me out *was* a dragoman. I also believe that the children were not brought to Cairo to become, at that state of their childhood, inmates of houses of infamy. But I now declare that they were ultimately intended for such a life, and were really brought to Cairo to commence a life of infamy—poor little mites—as baby-slaves to young brutes whom I fully describe in this book as a “new brand of ‘pimp.’” And so the youngsters went on from this probationary stage until death landed them into unknown graves. Those who dare defend the traffic, and traduce men who are struggling (unaided in any way) to expose the brutal commercialised side of the life, are welcome to whatever difference there exists between my statement and their own.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PIMP IN EGYPT.

The pimp in Egypt presents a new aspect of the species of man-devil who bullies and beats the unfortunate woman whose earnings in the life of sin keep him from toil and secure him a life of laziness. The pimp in Egypt is socially in the best grade of the profession which lives on the earnings of prostitution. He is considered by many people there to be a respectable member of society—as society goes in the land of the Pyramids. He but moves and acts in the abominable transactions in accordance with the recognised customs of the country, customs that make man familiar with dreadful and foul incidents in the lives of young innocent girls without causing him the slightest objectionable pricking of the conscience.

The well-dressed, well-groomed malefactor, the pimp, is himself devoid of any conscience at all, and, as to fear of the law—well, he knows and rejoices in the fact that there is nothing worthy of fear in Egypt in this respect.

The despicable pimp, therefore, assumes an air of importance, which says, "I'll buy girls to the best advantage, I'll sell them at a good profit, but I'll see that 'the goods' are always what they are represented to be, and is it not better to pay me good prices than pay doctor's bills?" In fact, to meet

and chat with the pimp at one of the hundred cafés and restaurants at Cairo, one would conclude from his own remarks that he is a public benefactor or, at the very least, has been officially appointed protector of the health of the young men of good families with, of course, money to exchange for innocent young girls.

Another remarkable difference between the pimp of the West and the pimp of Egypt is that the latter vehemently denounces the poor prostitute. He waxes hot with anger, his eyes gleaming and his nostrils distended as he exclaims (punctuating each sentence with a thump on the little marble table which trembles and in turn rattles the coffee cups) about the vileness of the public woman who plies her trade to the menace of public health. He declares that Lord Kitchener should clear away the unclean thing. As to the segregation of public women, the licensing of them, and the periodical inspection, the fellow denounces the mere suggestion with hypocritical enthusiasm which should be worth lots of money in another place. He calls on the Church—any Church, in fact all the Churches—to rise up in its might and strike against the public recognition of vice. Finally, he gives dark hints that all is not well with affairs Egyptian, and confidentially whispers that the British had better have a care if they attempt to interfere with the customs of the country.

He discourses at length upon the rights of men of the different nations in Egypt, quoting the Capitulation Laws freely. He further assures one—as he raps on the table in a lordly manner, convinced that he



has created a good impression—that the trade in young girls *must* go on, that the custom and conditions of the country *demand* it, and that if any attempt be made to stop it, this attempt will be the sign for a great disturbance throughout Egypt.

This style of pimp includes the man who is for ever on the prowl around the cafés and restaurants on the look out for young or old men to take to the lodgings of a “friend.” There they meet one or more of the captured children who have passed through the raiders, hands and are being employed as money-makers in the assignation dens. This class of pimp confines his business to the local men who have money, or those who now and again get a windfall, and are desirous of having a “good time” with it. He will not venture amongst the tourists during the season, for that part of the pimp’s business is generally left to the gentle guide who speaks three or four different languages and is ever ready with his services—for a trifle in advance—to cater for the tastes of his clients from Europe and America. No matter how degraded these tastes may appear, the guide’s business is not to calculate the number of degrees that separate right from wrong, but to consider the interests of those who pay him well, and he usually carries out his business to perfection.

The guides are smart, active, and well-built, with every outward sign of splendid physical development. Their faces are pictures of health, with dark expressive eyes, good teeth, and well-kept black hair and trimmed moustache. In the day-time they conduct parties

to see the sights of Egypt, making the unsophisticated globe-trotter believe almost anything. They are polite and most attentive to women, especially young women who are not too attractive in their personal appearance, and old women they attempt to flatter by treating them as young ; in fact, they use every art the flatterer can command to turn the heads of the tourists, what time they empty the latter's pockets.

The day shows are conducted with well-assumed propriety, but the night shows, for men and youths only, are conducted on a very different plan. Should a party of visitors include two or three young fellows who are " doing " Egypt, the gentle guide finds an opportunity to whisper to them, " Nice girl to-night. Very good show : quite de prize. Nothing wrong, only de sights of de East. All are fine ladies, oh, very good. No young gentleman's knowledge of de East is perfect without ' doing ' de Wassa Bazaar. I take you to see it. It great place, and you must see. I come with you ; no fear of danger ; it all right. I come with you ; bad people always very frightened me and my uncle." They all have " uncles "—not the London " uncle " with his three golden balls, but the Egyptian " uncle " with a black face and dirty turban. " Inspector Policeman very good man," with a significant wink. " I go tell ladies we come ten o'clock. After dat time we go see real ladies do dance—de Eastern dance. Very good ladies—no public, all very nice and select."

The young fools from England and America think their Egyptian guide a real philosoper and a living

encyclopædia ; the "green" young tourists are astounded and fascinated by his knowledge of the by-ways and side-shows of that wonderful town. So after dinner, mothers, sisters, and other relatives are "dodged" and the young fools set out for cut-throat alleys under the guardianship of the smoothest-tongued, vilest-natured wretch on earth. They "do" Wassa Bazaar and the house of Ibrim Gharhi, viewing the most revolting sights. The guide is assiduous in his care and attention ; he has the fish on the hook, and it is not to his interest or that of his profession to lose it.

In their perambulations among the squalid filth, the guide beats off all interference with his prize, and no one is allowed to speak to or approach his charges. He explains in confidential whispers all the intricacies of the life in the Babylonian hells, advises the strongest caution, and sneers with a very superior air at the wretched importunings of the doomed daughters of sin as they try their utmost to induce the visitors to stop and accept their charm.

At last, the party under the direction of the faithful dragoman emerge into the lighted streets with fresh air ; here people are sitting in chairs in front of the cafés and restaurants. The party stops at a certain restaurant or café where the proprietor is mindful of the obligation he is under to the dragoman for bringing new customers along. The party occupy vacant chairs and order lager beer, coffee, cigarettes, etc., which they consume to the accompaniment of a good string band, meanwhile chatting confidentially on the

night's revelations in a country garrisoned by a Christian king's soldiers. The party being refreshed, a start is made for the "swagger" hotel where the tourists are staying, but the guide now suggests that the party should see something "really worth seeing, and all very secluded, safe, and proper." The young men are at first a little anxious about being missed at that hour by mothers, sisters, etc., so the resourceful guide obligingly suggests a temporary retirement to the hotel, a good-night kiss, and a flight down the back stairs into the open as the clock chimes twelve ; all so simple, so nice, and so sensational.

The young fools generally fall to the wiles of the useful dragoman who protected them so well in the Wassa Bazaar. They return to the hotel, meet their women-folk, feign being tired out or "fed up" with the toil of gathering practical knowledge of Egypt, and retire to their rooms, only to emerge again at a later hour, to be led into the dens of vice. The revolting sights seen in these places are, according to reports from those who have actually witnessed them, far worse than those in Rome in the days of Nero, and are only equalled by the abominations perpetrated in the cities which God destroyed by burning with ashes.

Once the guide gets his victims into these places and thus taints them, he becomes bolder, oppressively so, it is said ; he prescribes for them, explaining authoritatively what is the correct thing to do under the circumstances. However, to cut short the unsavoury subject, and having said no more than is absolutely necessary as a warning to those who do



not know and, therefore, may fall through lack of knowledge, I will conclude by saying that many of these orgies may cost the young fools who participate in them more—infinately more—than they reckon on. They often completely lose their health by getting a poison into their bones which brings on premature old age, rheumatism, lack of spirits, depression, and distress of mind.

A case in point was given me by a very worthy man—an English resident in Cairo. Some time back an American lady visited Cairo to see the sights. She was accompanied by her two daughters and her son—a fine young man who had, by great industry and application, just graduated at one of America's best universities. They stayed at one of the big hotels and were accompanied on their visits to various show places by a superior sort of dragoman. It may be here noticed that the high-class hotels invariably engage the best looking dragoman for reasons that are obvious (at least, to those who have travelled). Well, after the party had "done" the Pyramids, the Tombs, the Wells, the Citadel, and what not, the youthful dragoman, good-looking, fair of speech, and seemingly all honesty, simplicity, and eagerness to please his wealthy patrons, suggested to the youth a secret visit to the living objects of art.

The wily guide talked and talked until at length the young fool yielded to his tempter. He went out into the night with the smooth-tongued devil; it was a simple beginning, but it had a most tragic ending. The bright young American, who had been brought



up with every care by a pious mother—a descendant of one of those grand old Puritan families who set the foundations of America in the fear and love of God, justice and right between man and man—yielded to one night's debauch. As a result of that one night's degradation, he contracted a terrible malady of the blood; the virulent poison ate into his very bones—and he died. He now fills a grave in the city where he was born and where his parents fondly cherished the hope that he would live and prosper, and that his name would be associated with all that is honourable.

This is but one case out of many where the ignorant young man falls in yielding to the insidious promptings of the Egyptian dragoman who is, in eight cases out of ten, but a species of pimp. He carries his victims to the poison chamber with such a display of refined hypocrisy as to make his work a masterpiece in the art of destruction. These dragomans—or hotel pimps—do not by any means confine their activities to the destruction of innocent young men and the catering for the taste of old men who are masters of the refined art of vice. They very often give especial attention to silly women; indeed, a well-known man at Cairo informed me that the foolery of many middle-aged and elderly women—I refer only to those who pose as young—and the dragoman is simply disgusting. However, as it is only foolishness and empty-headed nonsense on the part of these silly women who accept the attentions of the good-looking dragoman with such antics as make them the laughing stock of all sensible

persons, I propose to leave this particular phase of the dragoman's industry alone.

Quite another matter, and a far more serious one, is the manner in which these fellows manage to insinuate themselves into the graces of young girls, many of whom are quite innocent and simple. I firmly believe this matter requires publicity, because nine-tenths of the girls who have money to waste on such fellows as dragomans are innocent, although as silly as they are frivolous. A poor girl, or a girl who has to toil for her daily bread, has no time to be silly, nor is she of any use to the dragoman, who will flatter and be attentive to the silliest and plainest girl provided she has money. When these fellows conduct parties sight-seeing, if they get the slightest chance (and your modern up-to-date girl sees that they get that chance), they chat to the moneyed girl of the party, take her for donkey rides, riding on one and the same donkey with the silly, but unsuspecting girl, until they manage to get her interested in them personally. Having reached such a stage, the rest is easy enough, and they are not slow to go further.

Cases of girls falling into traps set by these wily fellows are on record—not many, one is thankful to acknowledge, but still too many to record without regret.

One case was pointed out to me at Cairo where a romantic young girl—a daughter of the “Stars and Stripes”—had visited the Pyramids and lost her heart to a dragoman. When the season was over he actually followed the girl to her home in Virginia—for these

fellows make plenty of money with all the branches of their profession in full swing, including the visits to the "night-houses," which are the most remunerative of all. As I have said, this fellow followed the girl who had foolishly allowed him at first to squeeze her hand and then, as she departed, to kiss her in secret. In Virginia he stayed at the best hotel of which the town could boast, his clothes were of the Bond Street cut, and, to deepen the impression, he hired a motor-car and two dark-visaged attendants. Once he was admitted as an occasional guest into the old Virginian family, and when on speaking terms with the girl who had lost her heart to him away by the Pyramids, the rest was fairly easy. He told the silly girl a great deal of fiction concerning himself; he was not (he confided to her) an Egyptian, but an Austrian who one day would claim a title. He had travelled, he said, and having been through all the Balkan States he spoke the Austrian language as fluently as he did the French or German. Knowing all the historical points of Austria, he enlarged on the ancestry of his family and the blue blood that surged through his veins. Persecution and military despotism had for a time sent his family into exile. He had enlisted as a youth under Lord Kitchener, had marched through the deserts of Egypt to the relief of Gordon at Khartoum. He had fought with distinction under Hector Macdonald at the battle of Omdurman, and he displayed scars on his muscular arm which, he told his breathless listener, were inflicted by the Mahdi's mad Dervishes. However he came by it, he possessed a

medal and ribbon for valour calculated to assist him in his aim—which was no less than to win the maiden's heart, and incidentally secure her money.

To sum up the melodrama—or shall I say tragedy?—the dragoman married the white girl of Virginia and to-day she is in Cairo, closely housed in the upper storey of one of the big houses in the main street. She only appears in public to take a drive at evening time, when she is closely veiled after the Turkish fashion. Although the dragoman's wife, she is virtually a prisoner behind latticed shutters, with her copper-coloured baby and an old Egyptian nurse as her only companions, unless her husband honours her with his presence. At the moment, her life depends solely upon her ability to keep a tight hold upon her funds, for once her husband gets power over her money her lamented death will soon appear in the newspapers.

This fellow has had a life full of adventure. He was formerly a door-keeper for one of Cairo's gambling hells, the doors of which Harvey Pasha closed with a heavy bang. He then became a scout or a courier on steamers or trains for a well-known tourist agency, when he was sent with a party of tourists to Palestine and the Upper Nile. With the funds he made at this occupation he travelled, spending much of his time in Vienna, Bulgaria, Constantinople, etc., and finally landed in London as a ship's steward. In the great metropolis he became stranded and worked as a waiter in a Strand restaurant, but, suspected of being light-fingered, he was soon dismissed, as most of the pro-



prietors of the foreign restaurants in London consider that they alone are entitled to rob the easy-going Britisher. Next, the "gentleman with the long list of honours" became a window-cleaner, but by some miracle he soon turned up again in Cairo, with several Bond Street suits and the latest style in boots, neckties, socks, etc. He was then appointed a dragoman at one of the principal hotels in Cairo, and this position gave him the chance of coming into contact with wealthy tourists, all of whom he exploited to the full; the old and young women by daylight, the young men and old fools by night.

To-day we find him lounging about the great restaurants of Cairo smoking cigarettes, sipping coffee, and playing dominoes to fill in the time, whilst his caged wife finds the funds and weeps her regrets over the coloured baby she would be ashamed to show to the women of her own race. It is a sad plight for a white girl to find herself in, but, alas, it is only too true.

Another rather similar case was told to me whilst I was at Cairo, on condition that I should publish the facts as a warning. The managers of the fashionable hotels of Cairo, noted for entertaining guests of the highest social order, employed a dragoman for the convenience of their visitors, and this fellow, who was undeniably handsome, was "got up" regardless of cost. He looked splendid in his tight-fitting gorgeous uniform, which even a field-marshal might envy, and altogether he was the very beau-ideal of a "ladies' man." Nearly all the women visitors liked him, and the foolish ones fell in love with the Adonis of Cairo.

I was told that he never lost much time at his work, but generally "got going" very quickly with his fair patrons. He loved many, was courteous and polite to all; he affected ignorance of the night dens, nor would he advise any young "bloods" to "see life." His whole mind seemed obsessed by his one desire to please his lady patrons. At last, chance threw into his net a middle-aged widow, the mother of several grown-up children, all in good positions, honoured and trusted by their fellows in the State of New York. The widow must have been well turned fifty, but she was splendidly preserved and generally considered to be a fine-looking matron. Besides this, she was rich—very rich in her family plate and jewels, and very wealthy in her own right. Her husband had operated with success in Wall Street.

The young and handsome dragoman, receiving but the slightest encouragement, quickly laid siege to the widow's heart. He told her of his ancestors—and ancestors generally count with women who do not need to toil for their living. It is only the working woman who scorns ancestors and asks for something more practical. Well, the dragoman had a full set of ancestors; they were, to be sure, away back in some of the as yet undiscovered tombs outside the walls of Alexandria, but they dated back to the time before Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was born—she who went to her account through the kind offices of an asp brought to her amongst some luscious figs.

The fellow in the uniform of a dragoman told the matured widow long tales of the early history of Egypt,

of its conquests in arts, science, and wars. He enlarged on the glories of the buried cities, the monuments of past greatness—the evidence of a dead civilisation and culture unknown for 4,000 years. He pointed with subdued pride to the true blood that coursed through his veins and gave him perfect manhood; then he deplored that the flat, stale, modern times denied one so gifted an opportunity to shake the world. Where would Napoleon have been, he demanded, but for the opportunity that allowed him to bud forth as the world's greatest general? Where would Lord Kitchener have been but for the Gordon incident which gave him the chance to show the world the mettle he was made of? If the pleading dragoman had but the opportunity, he would be in Egypt what Napoleon was in France, and she, his kind, gentle patroness, would be to him and Egypt what Josephine was to Napoleon and to France. Money was ordained, the man continued, for the benefit of men in general, not for man individually. With much more similar talk, liberally punctuated with sighs and interspersed with languishing glances from his dark eyes, he managed to interest the widow.

Her head was turned by the handsome youth's attention, which he might so easily have bestowed elsewhere—for instance, on the many prettier and younger women at the hotel. The dragoman saw the partiality with which the widow regarded him, and he was not slow to press his advantage. However, her duty to her children forbade her to do more than listen to his passionate entreaties. Caution and

prudence prevailed for the time, and the widow separated from the wily dragoman on the wharf at Port Said.

Arrived at Rome, she was inundated with letters and cablegrams from the gentleman in Egypt, but her duty to her children counselled her to be wise. She replied to his fierce importuning, pleading that duty told her it would be wrong for her to listen to the voice of love, even from such a splendid sample of manhood as her dear friend at Cairo.

The dragoman, however, was not to be denied. He ventured as far as Rome, where his fine presence could be trusted to feed the flame of love he had so successfully aroused within the heart of the widow. His appearance in Rome, well-groomed and handsomer than ever, completed his conquest. The widow married him in secret, and when the truth was unfolded to her daughters they fled in horror from their mother and her Egyptian husband.

The mother and her new husband now set out to "do" the big cities, including London, but the Egyptian dragoman soon grew restless. He wanted to visit his wife's home at New York to become acquainted with the family and, of course, see how funds stood. Being tied for ever to the apron strings of a matron well over the sundown limit of years was not what he had bargained for; so he commenced to assert himself. Travelling about in an aimless fashion was not to his liking. He wanted to taste the sweets of her home, and handle large sums of money—not have it doled out to him, as at present, in dollars.



But his new wife, though very much in love, was in no hurry to start for the home where she knew there would be awkward explanations with her sons. However, at last she was compelled, for fear of losing her "treasure" from the Pyramids, to set out for New York. When she did eventually arrive, the shock to her grown-up family was great. The sons threatened to shoot the dragoman on sight, and the daughters fled to relatives. This treatment brought out the true nature of the fellow. He employed a very clever lawyer and commenced a legal assault upon the estates and his wife's portion. To avoid scandal, to avoid being the mark of scorn and the butt of derision, the family rescued their foolish, infatuated mother from the arms of the Egyptian by paying prompt cash. It cost them, I am told, over £10,000 to get rid of the dragoman.

Persons who do not know and don't want to know these things—and their names are legion—may be inclined to assert that these stories and warnings are the creation of the novelist's mind. They are not; they are truths devoid of all trimming and published solely as a warning. If one were inclined to enlarge upon the subject, or to employ the imagination of the average novelist's mind, any of the stories here set out would make a fine novelette to tickle the tastes of the sensational and unthinking. But that is not the purpose of this book, nor the desire of the author or the publishers.

I think I have said enough on the subject to warn parents and to place girls on their guard. If once they

know of these things and then foolishly fall head and neck into the trap of the new or refined class of pimp, well, they have but themselves to blame. The men I have described *are* pimps, and pimps of the most dangerous and insidious brand. It is their need of money and the knowledge of their own attractive personal appearance that urge them to take up such a calling. Their politeness and their undeniable charm of manner help them in their work of destruction. Everything about their persons is in accordance with the best rules of Nature. The goddess who was responsible for Apollo surely moulded many of these fine specimens of the human family in the same mould. Everything about them, as I say, is perfect except their hearts and minds, and these were surely made by the devil's best workmen.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WITH THE POLICE RAIDERS.

I went to Egypt at the request of a number of pious Mohammedans and religious Greeks who had read my books and paid me the compliment of asking me to go there to see the simmering cauldron of vice with the lid off, and then report to the British public—without extenuation or hysteria—the truth of what I had seen.

I had finished a strenuous day's work and was sitting in the vestibule of the New Khedivial, when an English officer called upon me and invited me to accompany him that night on a raid the police proposed making on some of Cairo's worst dens of vice—dens as dangerous as they are dirty.

In these places are to be found smokers of the deadly hashish—a noxious drug, more killing in its effects, it is said, than opium. A sprinkling of all nationalities, colours, and castes of the human family resident in Egypt smoke this deadly weed. Its importation, manufacture, or use in any way is prohibited by the Government, under stringent laws. Still, it is used, and its work fills the gaols and asylums. The duty now devolves on the police to stop, or at least minimise, its evil work.

It was the raiding of these dens that I was invited to witness, but for many reasons I was loth to accept

the invitation. I had really seen enough of squalid vice, and I was tired of it. Noticing my hesitation, the English officer remarked :—

“It will be a great pity if you do not see things as they are. This is an opportunity I really think you should not miss, for unless you actually see the places you cannot believe how vile and loathsome they are. My instructions from my chief are to cleanse the place, and I intend to do it—or at least have a good try. The trip through the lanes and alleys where the worst vice is practised will be trying, but not dangerous ; if you keep close to me I promise to see you personally guarded.”

I considered for a moment or two and then decided that it was my duty to make the visit, for if Satan was really at work in Cairo I should at least get a chance of viewing the traces of his deadly energies. I thanked the officer, telling him I would meet him with my assistant at the place he had already indicated. I then asked if it were permissible to carry arms.

“Oh, no, no,” he replied, “we have done away with all dangers of that sort in Cairo. There will be no shooting, but a man may get a stray knock or two if he is not on the alert.”

I changed my clothes, left behind my watch and chain and ring, donned an old tweed cap, and with my assistant—a strong, athletically-built young man—sauntered off to the place of meeting.

The clock had already chimed the hour of ten as we threaded our way through the narrow lonely streets to the place where we were to meet the police inspector.



He was awaiting our arrival, and with him were two other European officers; all three were in plain clothes. One of his co-workers—a sturdy, square-shouldered, athletic-looking man—I took to be a Greek. The other was an Italian, tall and proportionately built, with clean-cut features and a look of determination that must have cowed many a wrongdoer.

So we set out for the night's adventure. The Englishman and myself led the way, chatting, while the two other officers followed on the opposite side of the road. As we walked along, my companion told me many things of the dens of vice in Cairo, so strange and unbelievable that I determined mentally to compare his account with the sights I should see that night.

We had by now emerged from the respectable quarter of the town, and crossing a bridge we entered a network of filthy, evil-smelling alleys and lanes, absolutely dark but for an occasional faint glimmer from some hovel on our way.

"I believe there are men following us," I presently remarked to the police officer with me. "Two natives they appear to be; I first noticed them on the bridge, and they have kept the same distance behind us ever since." I swung round as I spoke and, yes, there were two forms, indistinct in the darkness, but the loose robes of the native were easily discernible.

"Do you see them?" I whispered.

"Yes," replied the officer drily, "they are my men—native policemen—and I expect we shall need their services before the night is out," then after a short laugh

at my expense, he added, "It is the unlicensed disorderly houses we shall visit, and you must be prepared for some disgusting sights, for the dens are nothing more than places for breeding vermin and disease."

The two European officers now took the lead. Cautiously we proceeded, feeling our way as we went, every second or so stumbling against a loose stone in the uneven roadway or colliding with an old native cart and similar unlooked-for obstacles. At intervals the officers flashed their electric pocket torches into the night to enable us to proceed in comparative safety.

When we came to a house from the window of which could be seen the faintest suspicion of a light, the officers stole softly up to the door and listened. Upon hearing voices they knocked and, if the door were opened, spoke with the inhabitants in Arabic, pretending to be visitors. If nothing aroused the suspicions of the alert, keen-witted police, we passed on to the next lighted house.

At one of these houses—or, rather, hovels—there was no reply to my companion's knock, although we distinctly heard whispers from within. The knock was repeated several times without result, and finally the Englishman spoke in a loud voice, threatening in Arabic to break open the door. Still no result. The athletic Greek had already placed his shoulder to the door, when it suddenly opened, emitting from within an odour which defies description from the most graphic pen. The native woman who had opened the door peered out upon us, nervously at first; then, evidently

realising our mission, she broke forth into a torrent of native invective.

Taking no notice of her, we passed into the place. When inside, I at once saw the reason for the dull flickering light as seen from without. A strip of dirty, nondescript material was nailed up before the window as a blind, and even the sides of this were fastened down to the frame of the window to prevent the light being seen in the narrow alley outside. This precaution, I was told, is taken in many dens of infamy to protect the eyes of passers-by, who might possibly be officers of the police, and, therefore, interested in such places.

The three Europeans and myself entered the dirty hovel, as I have said, leaving the two native policemen on guard at the door. The place was of the most wretched character. Filth of every kind was everywhere in evidence, and the unmistakable odour of vermin, mixed with other nauseating smells, almost made one reel. On the bare mud floor squatted two native men who scowled at us venomously, but did not attempt to stop our progress. Up a flight of dirty unsteady stairs we wended our perilous ascent, the woman following and muttering imprecations on our heads the while. My companions searched in every nook and cranny and, after a while, the Englishman assumed a puzzled air and rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. Suddenly, a smile broke over his features, and, beckoning to us, he led the way down those rickety stairs.

I was thankful when we reached the door and (our

leader having spoken a few words with the angry woman, in her own tongue) passed out, to the accompaniment of curses and the loud slamming of the door.

"What did you say to the woman?" I asked, as we resumed our journey.

"Oh, I merely begged her pardon for having troubled her," the English officer answered.

"Were you mistaken, then? I mean, her house is not what you suspected it of being?"

"It is not a brothel, certainly, but I am perfectly certain it is a hashish den. Did you notice that peculiar sickly odour?"

"I did," I replied, emphatically.

"Well, I am sure they had been smoking hashish just before we entered. Doubtless there is some kind of secret exit—perhaps a subterranean place—and the smokers fled at our approach. You remember how long it was before the woman opened the door?"

"Yes."

"I suppose the gang escaped then; we must act more quickly next time. You see," he went on to explain, "our work is very difficult. If we should happen to make a mistake as regards one of these dens, the anti-British faction is down upon us at once. But the native women are so cunning. To avoid detection, they take empty houses, with not a single stick of furniture in them. The woman who rents the place has, perhaps, from five to ten girls working for her; these unfortunate creatures go out soliciting and bring back their victims to these dens."

"To an empty house?" I queried.



“ Absolutely empty,” retorted the officer. “ They take a house in one of the dark, dirty alleys behind the main streets—a hovel such as you have just been in—get an oil lamp which they set on the bare earthen floor, nail a piece of cloth up before the window—and there they are, secure from all interference, to carry on their work and smoke hashish. Do you know that men in good positions—men in every other way respectable—will, and do, come to such a den as we have just left to smoke hashish? Surely Satan discovered hashish ! ”

While talking, we had emerged from the dirty lanes of smaller houses and were now before a fairly large tenement, from the upper storeys of which streamed forth dim lights. Signalling to the two native policemen to approach, the English officer led the way through the front door, which was wide open, and up a flight of break-neck stairs.

The next moment we stood in a room on the first landing, and at our entrance the shrill babel of native voices was hushed. As our eyes became accustomed to the thick smoke which filled the room we could discern two native men and a woman seated on the floor and staring at us in alarm. Pipes were strewn about the floor, one of the men still clutched his goza (hashish pipe), the other had let his fall helplessly to his knees. The woman stared at us in silence and desperation.

“ Hashashin ” (hashish smokers), the Englishman explained to me briefly, as he proceeded to question the occupants of the room in their native tongue.

Meanwhile, the two other European officers had ascended the second flight of stairs, and presently one of them called out something in Arabic. I suppose it was a cry for assistance, for the English officer immediately sprang for the stairs. I followed, leaving the two native officers in the room below.

In the room on the third floor we found a group of two women and three men—all natives—huddled in a scowling but terrified heap in a corner. Dense fumes filled the air, and pipes, hot ashes, and pieces of dirty brown stuff (hashish) lay about the floor in profusion.

We had caught the poor victims red-handed—and, heaven knows, "victim" is the only term to apply to those unfortunates who are addicted to the hashish habit. Much has been said and written of the evils of opium, but the curse of hashish smoking is surely worthy of similar attention. Hashish drags its miserable victim down to the lowest depths of his nature; it destroys his character, kills his energy, and eats away his resolution so that he has no power of resistance, but *must* go on, on, and on, smoking the infernal stuff, although he well knows he is smoking away his manhood and his very life.

Presently one of the native officers ascended to us and, drawing a coil of rope from his robe, proceeded to tie the five culprits together. I have never witnessed such a pandemonium as the tying up of these five unfortunates produced—all talking at once, gesticulating, explaining, and threatening the intervention of an odd consul or two.

Suddenly there was a scuffling sound and, to my surprise, I saw the native who had been in charge of the house (and who must have had a knife concealed about his person, for he had cut his cords) leaping down the remainder of the stairs. He jumped straight through an open back window, landing on a fan-light which gave way and precipitated him some thirty feet below. The officer in front of the little procession was astounded, but he hastily ran downstairs and out at the back of the tenement, only to find that the man who had descended with such a crash had got clear away. The runaway had evidently fallen on to a large earthenware vessel, which was smashed to pieces, and although he must have been badly cut—for blood was bespattered over the spot where he had landed—he had made good his escape.

I could not but admire the fellow's daring, but the officer—it was the Italian—returned crestfallen at having lost the principal man. By this time the other hashashin had been roped together, and without any further mishap they were led out into the street, where they were given in charge of three policemen and taken to the Caracol.

“That was a marked house,” said my friend the English officer in answer to a congratulatory remark from me as to his neat catch. “I have been concerned in no fewer than three previous raids upon that same den, but hitherto it has been ‘run’ by women as a house of infamy. We were greatly surprised to find our friends the hashish smokers in occupation to-night. You see,” he continued meditatively, “we

have been very keen on gambling and hashish smoking of late; consequently, the rascals who own and frequent such dens have become very cunning. Our chief, Harvey Pasha, is determined these vices shall stop and the vice-traders know what that means.

“The smoking of hashish, having become almost as great a curse in Egypt as the opium habit in China, is now prohibited by law, a heavy fine being imposed on anyone found smoking or selling the horrid stuff.

“While we are dealing with the hashish smokers,” continued my companion, “we may as well make a clean sweep of them. Can you fight?” with an abrupt turn of the conversation. I frankly admitted that that department belonged to my assistant.

The officer smiled. Turning off the main street we again found ourselves among those dark, filthy, and foul-smelling by-ways which are a feature of the native quarters of Cairo.

Assembling in full strength before the door of a low, one-storeyed building, the six of us awaited an indication that our knock had been heard. The next moment, without the slightest warning, I fell into a dark narrow passage on top of the foremost officer, whilst our other friends crowded upon us. The tumble-down old door had evidently given way sooner than the sturdy Greek had expected. When I could rise to my feet, I was met by blows on all sides. The scuffling and scrimmaging in that foul dark passage was dreadful, especially when one was liable to hit friend rather than foe if one *did* strike out. However,



just as I was feeling fairly desperate, a light flashed upon the scene and a strange sight met my gaze.

The Italian police officer was struggling with one of the native policemen, evidently under the impression—aided by the blackness and the man's garb—that he had secured one of the offenders.

The stalwart Greek still guarded the door, which he was barring with his broad shoulders. The Englishman was tenderly patting a scratched face; whilst I, unhurt but considerably shaken, saw with amusement that the remaining native policeman had already begun his task—evidently a congenial though laborious one—of tying up his countrymen.

We ushered the cowering crew of six men and five quite young boys—all natives—into a room off the narrow passage, and there found plenty of evidence against them as hashashin. The filthy mud floor, from which a foul vapour was rising, had the usual impediments of gozas, etc., upon it; a broken-down old couch stood by a smoke-blackened wall and in a corner was a pile of what looked like sacks, evidently used as a bed. We entered the only other room—at the back of the first one—and there a similar sight met our gaze.

Meanwhile, the other officers had not been idle. The two little rooms which constituted the den were thoroughly searched, and a quantity of the vile hashish was brought to light from underneath filthy sacking used as a bed, from beneath an oil-lamp, and even from little, almost imperceptible, holes in the walls and floor. The miserable natives were conducted

safely to the waiting arms of the police without, and this time the greatest possible care was taken of the proprietor, a gross-looking Arab, whose bleared eyes gazed on the proceedings in bewilderment. Now and again he bestowed upon us a sickly, meaningless smile, but he was far too stupefied by the nerve-deadening hashish to fully understand our presence.

Having seen this gang safely on their way to the Caracol, we directed our steps to another locality as dark and dreary as that we had just left. The Englishman told me as we walked along somewhat wearily—it was then 1.30 a.m.—that he knew the house, the raiding of which was to conclude our night's work, only too well. It was rented by a native woman who not only was as thoroughly bad a human being as he had ever met, but was impertinence itself in her dealings with the police. She was, it seemed, determined not to be moved, for after every one of her numerous visits to the Caracol she returned to the same house to continue her wicked trade. She was by no means deterred by her punishments, which consisted merely of being locked up for the night or being fined the small sum of from twenty to fifty piastres.

Quietly we crept up to the house in question; it stood at the corner of two narrow lanes of the usual type and odour. Stealing noiselessly along by one of the walls, we peeped cautiously round the corner and saw to our satisfaction that the door stood ajar.

The officers made a rush before the door could be closed, and I followed close on their heels. We must

have made some noise in our hurry to effect an entrance, but no one confronted us as we mounted the stairs, leaving a native officer at the bottom of the flight to guard the exit. I was almost stifled as I followed my trusty friends up the narrow creaking stairway, knocking my head against the ceiling, or stumbling against the steep greasy stairs every two or three seconds.

We found a strange assembly in the first room we entered; eight girls, two native boys, and five European men lolled about the reeking place in various unseemly attitudes. The floor was of the usual mud variety, foul and noisome, and some of the occupants lay at full length upon it. There was no furniture visible, not even a chair to sit upon. The respectable, cleanly appearance of the five European men surprised me, especially when contrasted with the repulsive condition of the girls, who varied in age from fourteen to twenty-five and were the most dreadful set of females it has ever been my lot to see. I have travelled in many countries and seen many sights of immoral women in Siam, Burma, China, Java, and other places, but I can truly say that I had never before witnessed a collection of so many repulsive human creatures sunk to such a level. I was absolutely non-plussed as to how these five well-dressed European men could bring themselves to consort with filthy women plying their wretched trade in this unfurnished, evil-smelling den. To such a state can vice degrade its victims—both men and women.

Many of the unhappy girls were obviously diseased.

The eyes of one were in such a state that she could scarcely see, because of the wet, red, rawness of their rims; another had that drawn, haggard, lifeless appearance—despite thick applications of paint—that tells of some blood-eating disease.

In my utter surprise as to why the men—two Greeks and three Frenchmen—were in such company at that hour, I asked the officers to explain to me their madness and what was their share in the work of such a den at midnight.

He merely shrugged his shoulders as he remarked, "These men are either sexual maniacs or hashish smokers—perhaps both. In this darkened den they get full play for their passions."

"Why not arrest them?" I queried.

"Oh," he replied, "they are foreigners, and therefore are subject only to their own consul's dictum. I have no power under the Capitulation Laws to interfere with them without their consul's consent. It is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs," he grumbled.

The two dirty native boys, I was told, were part and parcel of the entertainment. They acted as scouts for the girls, bringing to the dreadful place any men they could persuade or mislead thither.

The English officer sent one of his men for assistance, and four more native policemen soon arrived on the spot. One of the newcomers bound together the two native boys; the other three took charge of the eight girls of sin.

As we brought up the rear of this wretched company



on our way to the Caracol, the girls made the night hideous with their shrieking and their fierce imprecations in Arabic on the officers.

"Fortunately, you do not know what they are saying," remarked my companion. "Their language is more filthy and obscene than any I have heard from the vilest man, and would not be tolerated by the police in any other part of the globe."

Arrived at the Caracol, the girls were placed in the charge-room, behind a rail which separated them from the officer who was to examine them. From the time they entered the charge-room until they were disposed of for the night, the girls kept up a continual pandemonium, shrieking at one another and at the officer, gesticulating wildly and waving their thin brown arms and clenched fists in such a wild manner that I thought they meditated an assault upon the police or upon the building. I questioned my friend as to what they were saying.

"Oh," replied he, "they are frightened now, and say they will go into a licensed house if they are allowed to do so. The officer in charge has explained to them that they cannot do that, as most of them seem to be diseased and must first be medically examined."

However, they were locked up for the night, and as they were hurried into the cells such a screaming, howling, and banging of doors arose that I was glad to leave the Caracol and hurry to my hotel to try to forget the horrible, disreputable sights of the night. Accordingly, I left my friends, after thanking them

and promising to meet them the following night and again go the round of Cairo's dens of infamy.

The next evening we set out from quite a different part of the town, accompanied by the same officers. On the outskirts of the city we made several arrests in vile hashish dens amongst lanes of darkness, filth, and destruction such as I have already described and which are far too prevalent for public safety.

At length we struck out from the sordid alleys and reached well-lighted houses which seemed of rather a better class than those we had passed.

"This is our destination," the English officer informed me, and without further parley we entered by the front door, which was unlatched. In the first room we went into I counted seven girls and several men sitting, lying, or lounging around the walls, watching a girl who, arrayed in a flimsy, silvery-spangled garment through which her form was plainly discernible, was dancing and indulging in a series of disgustingly indecent bodily contortions.

After the chief officer had asked the girls to produce their licence—which they were unable to do—he ordered the men visitors to leave the house. This they did very sheepishly. They were a mixed crew, but of the well-dressed, apparently well-to-do class. The officers had no power to arrest these men.

Stationing one of the native police at the door, the Englishman commenced a thorough inspection of the whole house. He found that each room he entered was occupied; so, summoning the mistress (a coarse, insolent woman) before him, he ordered

her to have every one of her girls in the front room at the end of ten minutes. The stated time having expired, I went with him through all the rooms to see if they were quite empty.

Going into one of the back rooms upstairs, we found a young girl in bed. After putting a few questions to the unfortunate child—for she was but a child in years—my companion elicited that she was suffering from a frightful disease, and that she had lain there for days without medical relief or apparently any attention at all. She seemed starved and absolutely a skeleton. She was too ill to be moved; so we left her, after assuring the poor creature that she should receive medical aid, food, and care, without loss of time. The kindhearted officer then went below stairs, and I with him. The sight of that poor child made me ill. I dare not give a full account of the hidden plague which had clutched her young frame, for fear it would make my readers ill also.

Pausing at the door of the room we had first entered, my guide went in. There we saw that five girls, and the same number of men had now joined the company. The men were dismissed, the girls arranged in twos and marched off to the Caracol, with an officer walking behind, before, and at each side.

At the police station the girls were arraigned before the charge officer, accused of prostituting themselves without a licence. They were then hurried to the cells, the hour being late. Bidding adieu to my kind guides, I sought my hotel.

Thus ended my adventures with the night raiders, and I trust I shall never again be called upon to witness such fearful sights of degradation and vice as have disturbed my thoughts day and night ever since I witnessed the horrid scenes.

By way of conclusion, I may remark that on enquiring later as to what became of the last batch of unfortunate girls we had escorted to the Caracol, I learned that four, on being medically examined, were allowed to carry out their wish to enter a licensed house. Their photographs were taken, licences granted, and they were formally registered as licensed prostitutes. Two were found to be diseased, four promised to return to their homes or husbands, and two who proved to be intractable were fined.

The poor sick child was speedily removed to hospital, but from all accounts of her malady it will be her last removal before she is moved into an unknown grave, thus adding one more to the number of victims Satan claims nightly in Egypt.

One reason why vice is allowed to flourish in Egypt was demonstrated to me during these night raids. Without exception, all the houses the police raided were occupied by native women—that is, women subject to the laws of the country. At the same time, similar houses controlled by Italians, French, and Greeks—in which it is known that all the worst vices are rampant—were actually passed by as something no to be touched, simply because their mistresses were foreign subjects and, therefore, amenable only to



the Capitulation Laws. Before any English officer dare enter these houses, he must obtain permission from the consul of the nationality of the occupier. Such is justice, humanity, and decency of the law as practised in Egypt under the management of Great Britain.

## CHAPTER X.

### PORT SAID.

#### THE HIDDEN PLAGUE SPOT.

That Port Said is a seething bed of infamy, a distributing ground for dreadful secret diseases and hidden plagues, is well known to men who have travelled.

This fact is also well known and fully understood by the Government, or the alleged Government, of Egypt. I say "alleged" Government, because I consider that I have plainly demonstrated in this book that, although the British are in nominal possession of Egypt, the country is really governed by the Capitulations, which permit—nay, encourage—a state of infamy that must really make the devil rejoice.

Port Said, standing at the mouth of the Suez Canal, is but a small spot on the fringe of the desert that faces the new waterway to the East and South. Its inhabitants are a cosmopolitan crowd; every nationality under the sun—except, perhaps, the Chinese—is liberally represented in that one small town.

The shipping tonnage and number of passengers that pass through Port Said are simply enormous, and it is from the latter that many of the town's inhabitants draw their means of livelihood. When a big passenger boat arrives, all the runners, carriers, and fetchers, the guides and the mis-guides, don their

best attire and saunter forth into the open to "catch" the passenger in one of the many ways known to them.

A favourite and easy method is to sell to the unwary some article at about four or five times its true value—such, for example, as crosses which are said to have been made from pieces of the original Cross of Calvary. "Real Maltese lace," too, which has been made by machinery in Ireland, is sold to the unsuspecting, together with "ancient Egyptian pottery" with the "Worcester" brand scarcely washed off it, or Egyptian cigarettes filled with wood shavings tinctured with essence of tobacco. These they are very careful to deliver only a few moments prior to the departure of the boat, and when the purchaser is on the seas the native who sold the sawdust cigarettes is probably chuckling over his cleverness.

Should you not be in the buying humour, however, the swarm of obsequious native guides is not at all discouraged. They will then simply fall over one another for the honour and pleasure, and incidentally the profit, of escorting you or your party round the town—your party for choice, on the principle of "the more the merrier."

Suppose you elect to follow one of these guides, you are led into the most disreputable places and company, under the pretence of being shown the "sights." Respectable looking shops are visited, and the innocent visitor is astounded as a seemingly benevolent, kindly-faced old Greek begs him to make a choice amongst disgusting pictures and obscene literature, for which their unashamed owner asks absurdly high prices.

Houses of infamy are the show places chiefly favoured by these guides who, of course, do not tell their charges the exact nature of the vile dens. The ignorant and innocent tourist enters with his guide, probably expecting to see a native show, such as the dancing or juggling and conjuring tricks which are so greatly in vogue in the show-places in India. Judge of his utter astonishment and indignation, therefore, when he finds himself in a dirty room containing several young girls in a state of semi-nudity carrying on abominable antics for the amusement (?) of visitors. Once within such a loathsome den, it is futile for the poor misguided tourist to murmur, for the "missus" of the house—a coarse, bold, betrimmed Jezebel of Austrian, Russian, Greek, or French origin—has a keen eye to her business and the safety thereof, and if the visitor be sensible he realises the true use of the burly Abyssinian who haunts the wretched room ostensibly as a waiter to serve drinks.

Supposing a party of seven or eight men, bent on "seeing life," enters one of these miserable houses, the following is usually the plan of "entertainment": They are seated on a sofa and chairs arranged at one end of the room, and the "missus" begins to make herself affable to them in a fulsome, gushing manner. She enquires which of the gentlemen will "shout" or "stand treat"; beer worth about sixpence a bottle is brought in, and some young or old fool treats the company to the vile stuff at a cost of half-a-crown per bottle.

Having satisfied her mercenary soul that the beer,



money is good, the "missus" claps her plump red hands, and at this signal half-a-dozen miserable-looking, half-starved girl-children troop into the room and perform disgusting dances and horrid antics while the depraved mistress keeps time by humming some tuneless air and loudly clapping her hands. More beer, more obscene contortions, and the "missus" collects half-a-crown each from the edified (?) audience for the young ladies, and intimates that the show is at an end.

Then, if the guide is able to persuade his party to accompany him—and unfortunately there are many fools who *will* see all there is to be seen—he leads them to even worse places. The horrible sights and cruel heartrending degradation to be witnessed in these dens of devilry are such that cannot be described in a book. Indeed, were they even hinted at, the public would shrink and declare that surely such things could not be done and witnessed by human beings. I therefore give only enough of the horrid subject to show how the boat passengers are waylaid and led to these hells by registered guides. The object of the guided ones may be only to "see some fun and life," but the "fun and life" more often than not ends in tragedy and death—if not bodily death, then the death of the soul and of all purity.

Without hesitation, I say it is the duty of the authorities to warn the young, the ignorant, and the reckless against the terrible unknown risks they run in accepting a guide's invitation to "see life" at Port Said. Some good, I am thankful to say, has already

been done by the strenuous efforts I have made in my various books to point out these risks, and so minimise the hidden dangers of such vile spots.

I may mention one very gratifying incident in connection with this point. On the S.S. *Henzada* (in which I returned from Egypt) were several youths who had caused some surprise amongst their fellows by resolutely declining to leave the boat at Port Said. Naturally, in the course of a chat in the smoking room when the subject was mooted, I asked why they had evinced such a sudden fondness for the ship. I noticed some little hesitation before I was answered.

“Why,” replied a bright-faced Eurasian lad of twenty or thereabouts, “my father had given me your book where you describe Port Said, and I talked over that chapter with several of my chums. None of us had any desire to go ashore afterwards. Surely that’s reason enough?” with a naive smile.

Such appreciation was in itself a reward for much labour and discouragement. Still, it is a dreadful thing to know that, without exaggeration, there are thousands of men every year inoculated with the dread germs of the hidden plague at Port Said alone. Quite recently, four young Scotsmen set out for Australia to enter good situations in that land of promise. They were happy innocent youths who had been brought up by good mothers and fathers in a sheltered home, but surrounded by an atmosphere of what is no less than criminal silence on matters that concern the morality, health, and very life of our young men when they go out into the world at the present day.

These boys went ashore at Port Said, bent on having a "good time." Whatever sort of a time they had, the result was tragic. Three out of the four had their pure healthy blood charged with the bacilli of a bone-rotting disease. When they reached Australia, two of them were refused admittance by the officer of health, as "diseased persons." The steamship company had perforce to bring back the hapless pair, and they were landed in London penniless, hopeless, and diseased.

Then there is the case of a young Australian athlete—I will not use his name for fear of paining his relatives, who are good, pious, and well-respected people. This splendidly-built young man came to England and achieved the highest distinction in the athletic world. He was boomed and fêted here and looked upon with pride by all his countrymen, but on the homeward voyage some evil genius led him ashore at Port Said. One of the oily-tongued registered guides secured the youth, and he was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Five or ten minutes in a house of infamy (controlled by a brazen prostitute protected by a foreign consul) was sufficient to send this young Hercules to an untimely grave.

By the time he reached Sydney the hidden plague had got such a grip on his system that he lost all heart. The strength and energy which was once his pride had given way to languor and the weakness of a child. His fine, straight frame became bent and twisted, his joints stiffened, his muscles relaxed, and as he saw that he was now but the shadow and wreck of his former vigorous self, his spirit broke and he was unable

even to *try* to regain his health—not that this would have been possible to any great extent. Within a few weeks of his landing at Sydney he died, lamented by hundreds of admirers and friends who were astounded by his sudden death, and bitterly mourned by his broken-hearted family who knew the truth.

With the knowledge of these cases before us, with hundreds of similar cases that are known but only spoken of in whispers, surely the inevitable conclusion of all sane persons must be that further silence on this important subject is criminal. I know many will argue that if a youth falls in the way I have described it is his own fault. I fully realise that this is true in very many cases, but there are exceptions—some of which are tragic indeed—where innocent, ignorant youths are led into vile dens unsuspectingly, without even knowing of the existence of the terrible dangers they run. Here they may be plied with drink, and their fall accomplished. My object can only be attained by giving full publicity to the terrible dangers that beset every young man nowadays. Parents, guardians, and teachers must not shrink from their duty of telling their charges—in plain language and without any refuge in innuendo which the young mind may misunderstand or misconstrue—exactly what they must expect by straying from the strict path of virtue.

Let those who disagree with me on this point test the whole question by sending forth their own sons (however pure, however imbued with the high moral sense) into such places as I refer to, without first giving



the innocent lads knowledge of what to avoid and why. Let these good people, I say, send out their own sons and in this way personally test the truth of my assertion that knowledge is necessary, and that its denial to the young is a sin and a shame.

While waiting to rejoin the boat at Port Said, my assistant suggested that a personal visit to the dens of vice would serve to warn the public, first-hand, of their evils and dangers.

I agreed, and we enlisted the services of an Egyptian guide who was said to be very reliable. The native guide wanted precise orders as to what we wished to see.

"Anything," I assured him. "Anything there is to be seen."

He shook his head. "Not all one day," he said. "Too much, too long, all one day."

I questioned him closely as to why he needed two days to show us the infamous dens, and he appeared amazed at my ignorance.

"Master do not understand," he exclaimed in an offended tone. "Thirty houses here where de girls dance. Nice little girls. Ten houses where boy dance, and other places where picture show."

"Picture show?" I queried.

"Live pictures," was his reply.

"Oh, living pictures, you mean," and I thought that if there were, as he assured me, thirty houses containing dancing girls, ten containing perverts, and living picture shows, the task of visiting and reporting on them all was indeed beyond me.

However, we set out to inspect a few of these evil

places. The guide led us to a large three-storeyed house off a dirty narrow lane—somewhere, I remember, in the vicinity of the Post Office. In answer to an imperative tap on the door from our guide, the door was opened and we were ushered into a tiny sitting room. There we were immediately greeted as friends by a tall dark woman in a spangled red gown of some filmy material. I could not determine her nationality, but in her younger days she must have been very beautiful.

Scarcely were we seated when she asked us to “shout” for drinks. It was no use assuring her that I did not drink—teetotallers were of no use to her. A stalwart waiter brought in beer, to which madame and the guide liberally helped themselves. The guide was most insistent that “de very nice pretty girl” should be brought in to dance for our edification, but I was adamant in my repeated refusals; so, with a disconsolate shrug of his lean shoulders as though to deprecate my lack of taste in art, he helped himself to more beer.

While the guide finished his beer, in an endeavour to console himself for his disappointment on not seeing the dancer, I engaged the woman in conversation.

“Is yours a licensed house?” I began.

The lady was most indignant. “Oh, dear no!” she replied; “licensed house for de very low peoples. My house most for de boat visitors.”

“Do not the police ever interfere with you?” I asked.

The red-garbed woman looked at me as though she thought I was devoid of reason, as no doubt she did

upon my first refusing to see her living works of art, and now mentioning the police in connection with her safe trade.

"De police nothing to me," she answered, haughtily. "My consul my policeman and judge, too."

"But," I continued in a soothing tone, "suppose your house *were* a bad one, could not the English law then interfere with you?"

"And violate my house? My rights?" she almost screamed. Evidently the mere mention of the word "English" was to her as a red flag to a bull.

"De English no right in my house," she resumed hotly. "If I do wrong, dey tell my consul, but I not do de wrong."

"Are your girls inspected?" I ventured to ask.

"Inspected? My girls are de nice girls."

"But disease is so prevalent in Port Said," I explained.

"Not in my house," she snapped; "de bad house have disease—not here."

"Now, suppose your house *were* a bad house," I said in a tone which meant to convey the impression that a house of hers could never, never be a bad one, "only *suppose* so. Could your consul close it then?"

"My consul good honest gentleman," was the haughty reply. "He no going close house and stop woman make living."

Seeing danger ahead I proceeded more tactfully, after a pause, during which she consumed more beer.

"I suppose you have quite a number of nice girls, eh?"

"Twelve," she said, beaming at me over the top of her glass. "All very nice clean girl; get plenty more—no room. I very respectable woman and girl like me, but no room for more," with a sigh of regret.

Becoming more loquacious she told me that there were too many girls in the trade now, because of the recent war.

"You mean the Turkish war?" I enquired. "How does that affect you?"

"Why, de girl—Turkish girl, Greek, and oder girl—have no home. Hundreds nice, pretty young girl come here from de war. Too many—spoil business," with a doleful shake of her black locks.

"I suppose they go to Cairo and Alexandria also," I queried.

"Oh no, dey have plenty girl—Arab, Syrian, and white girl."

I wondered that I had not heard at Cairo of this girl immigration, but I afterwards verified the woman's words, and I suppose the unfortunate beings went to Port Said as the nearest place. Probably the lack of funds prevented them travelling further—say to Cairo and other places in Egypt.

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the sudden flinging open of the door, and a crowd of noisy youths burst in. When they became less rowdy I learned that they were six young Englishmen off a boat that had just come in. They had immediately been secured and brought thither by a native guide. They threw themselves into chairs about the room, ordered drinks, and with much excitement, laughter, and noise,



clamoured for the dancing girls their guide had promised them. My own guide, I noticed, looked quite distressed and envious. Probably he was contrasting his own dry charges with his brother guide's boisterous little company.

The excited, foolish youths simply took possession of the place; they called for beer *ad lib.*, and became impatient for the appearance of the dancing girls, whom their wily mistress purposely kept back; I concluded, to heighten their value and drive a shrewd bargain with the clamouring young men.

We hurriedly left the place, and, feeling already sickened by the hateful sight of the stupid young Britishers simply flinging themselves into the arms of danger and disease, decided not to visit any more such dens. Our guide assured us that what we had seen was child's play to what there *was* to be seen in the New Babylon—Port Said. Eventually, however, we managed to dismiss the persistent fellow, and I firmly believe he went his way persuaded he had been dealing with two puritanical monomaniacs.

The one case I have cited of a house of ill-fame being "run" by a foreign woman whose faith in her consul encouraged her to despise and defy all British attempts to cleanse Port Said, is typical of hundreds of others. Understanding this, and knowing that matters are the same in Cairo, Alexandria, and elsewhere, it is no exaggeration to state, without qualification, that the Capitulations alone stand in the way of the moral and physical purification of Egypt.

There are no words (that can be printed) strong

enough to condemn the horrible degradation of women, moral contamination of ignorant youths, and wholesale dissemination of the germs of disease and death that go on daily and hourly in that plague spot, Port Said. Still, those responsible for such a criminal state of affairs refuse to lift one finger to rectify matters; they try, instead, to cover up the festering, stagnant pool of filth, in the hope that it may be hidden from the knowledge of the unsuspecting public.

But the evil spot has become too foul to escape detection longer. Surely the shameful silence that has hitherto existed with regard to the death-trap will now be broken? The lay authorities who profess Christianity will not, or cannot, move to clean the place; it, therefore, devolves upon the Churches to take up this work.

Surely they will try to put a stop to the horrible, anti-Christian scenes of sin and degradation that are being daily enacted under the present paganism of Egypt?

## FINAL CHAPTER.

The questions one hears on all sides are, "Must the unhealthy state of the social life of the new Egypt continue?" "Is political expediency to rule in the place of sound reason?" "Are the Capitulation Laws, which have outlived the age and conditions that gave them birth, to remain—to confuse and confound nations and men, and continue as a dark, ominous evil, warping and contorting the fair face of Egypt?" "Are we, unmoved, to see the corruption of all that is wholesome and decent in the lives of a splendid people who, we are assured, are nearing the dawn of nationhood?" "Are Britain's reputation and obligations to Christianity to be held as of no account before the relentless tyranny of the expediency of the Capitulations, or shall the nation which leads the van of progress and humanity say to the children of Egypt, 'Come into the British fold, not as bondsmen, but as partners in such an Imperial union as the world has never seen before our day?'"

Having recently returned to this country from my visit to Egypt I can assure the British—those who care, those to whom it *does* matter—that the minds of all good men and women of whatever nationality or creed in Egypt are perturbed by the dreadful exhibitions of lust and debauch in the land where Jesus Christ rested in His flight from Herod. The Egypt-

ians of the old régime sigh in fear of coming dissolution, while the pious Mohammedans view with alarm the perverted thing called Justice in Egypt.

To the untutored native mind, the fruits of Christendom seem to be decay and death, and one can almost understand this opinion when one sees hundreds of brazen harlots belonging to Christian nations plying their obnoxious trade in the open streets, without let or hindrance. Enemies of Britain, and friends of disorder and indecency, gloat over the existence and spreading of this deadly plague of Babylonia as a biting argument, not only against England and France, but against Christianity.

The question which the British public must face and answer is this: "Is the terrible lawlessness of unbridled passion and desire to continue until it takes a firm hold on the mind and lives of the young people for whom we stand sponsors?" Ill weeds grow apace and are hard to eradicate once they take root. This question of the continuance of a policy that fosters all that is ill must be met in the open, now—not tomorrow or some other day which may appear convenient to expediency, but to-day, when expediency must give place to what is decent and right. Are we so poor of spirit, so miserable of understanding, so afraid of offending those who are growing opulent on disorder in Egypt, that hypocrisy must continue for the sake of a little firmness? I am sure religious England and Catholic France will say No! and that that "No!" will re-echo and reverberate throughout the civilised world.



What nation, or set of nations, will then dare—in the face of such emphasis and determination—to say “ Yes ? ”

The police under Harvey Pasha, who is a worthy Englishman, sincere and serious in his office as chief of the Cairo police, have accomplished much. Life and property have been made safe ; gambling, once the prime curse of the place, has been practically abolished. This is more than London, Paris, or New York dare boast of with truth. The hydra-headed monster of gambling, once a familiar spectre in the open streets, dare not now raise its hideous heads even in the darkened cellars, thanks to the chief of police, his able assistant Russell Bey, and their auxiliary Philip-pides Bey, who combines the generous unaffected heart of a child with a sympathetic disposition and a keen knowledge of men and affairs Egyptian. The good done by this large-hearted Greek is immeasurable. It is said that he always adopts the gentle answer, the kind advice, and the wise counsel with the Egyptians amongst whom his life has been spent, but on occasions when sternness is needed he can be firm to relentlessness.

Under these men there are several able lieutenants—some English and many Egyptian, but all working with a harmony and knowledge of their duty which to me seems to call for the highest commendation. It is always pleasant to say nice things of capable officers who are on guard at the Empire's outposts, but it is doubly pleasant when, in praising them highly, one metes out to them only their plain and simple due.

On the subject of the purification of Cairo, Harvey Pasha quite recently spoke with the representative of *The Egyptian Gazette*, an English paper published at Alexandria and doing good spade-work throughout Egypt.

Referring to the deplorable sights of whole streets of the dens already described in this book, the chief of the Cairo police said :—

“ All we have done at Demerdache has been to set the place somewhat in order. Formerly it was a disgusting hole, full of disease, where the women dwelt in indescribable misery. Now the quarter is properly supervised and periodical medical inspections are carried out.

#### DIFFICULTIES FOR THE POLICE.

“ As for what you call our exceptionally strenuous efforts, I don't know that we have been doing recently any more towards the suppression of vice than we always have done ; nor, for that matter, shall we be able to do more as long as the law stands as it does now. As you perhaps know, before we can take any effective action against a house of ill-fame certain preliminaries have to be attended to, and often, when these have been got through, and the police make their raid, we find that the house has changed hands, the new proprietor is of a different nationality from the old, and before we can take any steps against her we have to go all through the rigmarole again. As long as it is possible to stultify the efforts of the police in this way, to suppress or even control vice effectively is out of the question.

## WOMEN INSPECTORS.

"However, I may mention, by the way, that an appointment—that of an inspectress—which was created recently, has assisted us materially. A woman is far better able to maintain supervision over the houses of ill-fame than a man is, and we have found the new departure a well-advised one. It works splendidly."

## THE GREEK CONSUL AND THE GAMBLING DENS.

Harvey Pasha then turned to another side of the seamy life of Cairo—now, fortunately, obsolescent if not obsolete.

"You must remember," he said, "that in the past it was not only with regard to its demi-monde that Cairo needed purification. A far greater evil than the disorderly houses existed for many years in the form of gambling hells. Nearly all of these, I am pleased to say, have been cleared out and the undesirables who owned them have been deported.

"For this, a large measure of thanks is due to M. Verenikis, the Greek consul. When M. Verenikis came here and found the Greek community suffering from the stigma gained for them by some few dozen rascally gambling-den proprietors, his national pride was touched and he determined to do his utmost to rectify matters. He has done so by loyally assisting the local authorities in their campaign against the gambling hells, nearly all of which—as I have told you—have since been abolished."

"So," remarked our representative, "Cairo *has* been considerably purified of late after all?"

"As regards the gambling hells it has," replied Harvey Pasha.

The action of the chief of police of Cairo, Colonel Harvey Pasha, in appointing women inspectors to inspect houses of ill-fame—*i.e.*, the licensed houses which are, however, in the great minority so far as Cairo is concerned—is a splendid move in the right direction and must sooner or later be followed by Britain. In America, several States are carrying out the system, but only in a very minor key, although the women police in New York are doing good work. The matter is being discussed in Australia, especially in the State of Queensland, where a new law has been passed authorising the police to enter houses of ill-fame and make diligent search for any intoxicants that are sold on the premises to the men and women who frequent the places.

But the complaint has gone forth that the policeman is not at all fitted for such work—for many reasons which must be obvious to persons who know the wiles and guile of women who conduct houses of ill-fame, and how able they are to use the "soft word" to a young policeman. I have for many years advocated the appointment of women police to inspect disorderly houses. The primary objects of their inspection, however, should be to rescue young girls who are kept in these dens under one pretext or another, and to try to induce even the hardened woman of sin to abandon the life of infamy and to help her in every way to get on to a straight path in life.

In my book, "Why Girls Go Wrong," I made the following appeal for women inspectors:—

"Amongst the many reforms that are needed if the vile traffic in women and girls is to be killed, is the very important one of instituting a corps of women police. There is no doubt that our police carry out their duties in a manly and humane manner, but the advantages of employing good sympathetic women to deal with the girls in the life are many and obvious.

"Even the most hardened girls (who are by no means so numerous as the stranger to the traffic supposes) will yield to kindness and will often confide to a sister-woman what they would shrink from telling a man—and no one will deny that the police force is composed of men in the very truest sense of the word. But few men can match the polished deceit, cunning, and simulation of the procuress and assignation-flat keeper. Then, the very nature of the duties involved when enquiring into the lives of girls in the trade of vice unfits the policeman for this delicate task.

"We will suppose that our body of women police have been organised, great care having been taken to select thoroughly good, broad-minded, sympathetic women. What, then, are their duties?

"Such women should be empowered to enter all gilded dens, such as certain notorious cafés, restaurants and licensed houses, houses of infamy, assignation houses or flats, or places reasonably suspected of being such. They should be given authority to enter these places at any time, day or night, and question, help, or reclaim any girl without intimidation from the girl's 'owner.' There are, it is safe to say, hundreds of these poor unhappy girls in London alone who



hate the life and only need to be given one chance to leave the gilded hollowness of it all and lead honest, respectable lives. It is not generally known what awful unsurmountable difficulties beset the path of the fallen girl who really does wish to turn over a new leaf. The Great Founder of Christianity taught that repentance will blot out any sin, but society to-day has taken upon itself to qualify this decree. Civilisation now says to its children, 'You may steal, you may rob the widow of her mite and orphan of his bread, you may even murder, and if you repent there is hope, but you may not—if you are a girl—fall once from the path of virtue and expect to be restored amongst us. For that sin there is no forgiveness.' This attitude must be revoked, and the repentant girl given another chance in life.

"It would be the duty and privilege of the police-woman to provide that chance. She would put several questions to the girls with whom she came into contact during her investigations, such as: 'Are you leading the life of your own free will? Are your earnings, or any part of them, given to any person, man or woman? Would you be willing to give up this life if a chance were given you to live decently and earn an honest living? Do your parents know of your life?' etc. By such means the woman policeman would find out whether any person or persons were living upon the girl's immoral earnings. Steps could then be taken to punish such persons. Many a girl, I feel sure, would be rescued from the clutches of inhuman men and women to whom she is at the moment virtually a slave.

"Suppose a sensible, tactful woman were to enter

one of the numerous meeting places resorted to by these unfortunate girls, sit down by one of them, buy her a cup of tea and talk to her, not in a patronising spirit but as one woman to another, there is no calculating the good that might be done. There would be no need then for the lament of the poor street girl, 'I took the first wrong step, and there was none to help me.' No girl could then say with honesty that she was being forced to continue in the life, as a complaint from her to her friend in authority would quickly bring about her release.

"Probably a good deal of doubt exists as to the very large number of unwilling slaves in this city, but if my system were tested the truth of this would be at once apparent, as the ranks of the unfortunate prostitutes would be thinned to an extremely small percentage of their present strength. Even if we allow the statement of the doubter that there may be one unwilling white slave in London—which, of course, is absurd—is it not worth any amount of effort to give just that one girl a new chance in life?

"The despicable pimp and procuress would naturally look with alarm upon the small supply of willing prostitutes, and being unable—under the vigilant eye of the police-woman—to force any girl to degrade herself, would probably import foreign women of ill-fame. Here, again, the police-woman, having access to all assignation houses, brothels, etc., would notify such importation to the proper authorities, who would deport the women as undesirable aliens.

"At present there is a great difficulty in getting a girl to make a statement leading to the arrest of

her tormentor, because of the publicity it entails. In the ordinary criminal courts, incidents of her past career and the whole story of her downfall are dragged to light, often when they have not the slightest bearing on the case in hand. If it be impossible to hear these cases in camera, surely a special court (such, for example, as the Children's Court in Australia) might be instituted, where an unfortunate girl would be certain of a sympathetic hearing and a chance to reform.

"It would also be necessary to have a place in some quiet rural district to which girls might be sent to recruit their health before facing the world anew as honest and respectable women. We must rid ourselves, once and for all, of the mistaken idea that reform is impossible for girls who have once fallen, remembering that here the old proverb still holds true, that 'it is never too late to mend.'

"Some such occupation as dairy-farming, poultry-rearing, bee-culture and the like could quite easily be made self-supporting under proper management, and, while working honestly in the new life, girls would, far from being continually reminded of the past, be encouraged to forget it amidst clean, wholesome surroundings and a happy home life. Here they would be taught the domestic duties which would fit them to be the wives of honest, upright men, far away in those beautiful countries where they would be given the chance denied them in the homeland of becoming happy, dignified mothers.

"Everybody who has given the matter any thought must have been struck by the alarming extent to which disease is disseminated by girls and women

who ought to be in hospital. Although little pity is bestowed upon the victims who take such fearful risks, there is, indeed, a great national responsibility involved with regard to this wholesale distribution of disease in the open streets or the gilded dens. But even beyond the danger to public health, even forgetting the fearful calamity by way of disease that is at the moment an open danger to our youth—many of them quite innocent—beyond this, I say, surely for the sake of Christian charity any unhappy woman of the pavement who is ill should be given an opportunity of being restored to pristine health, when we have before us the splendid example of the Great Master healing the leper and absolving the harlot.

“The police-woman would be alert to discover the symptoms of disease, and she would have authority to have any girl she suspected removed to a health refuge so that she ceases to be a public danger.

“A great agitation in which all religious bodies have heartily joined is at the moment spreading over America for the appointment of women police to deal with the White Slave Traffic. The Rockefeller Committee—which is doing such splendid work in the suppression movement—has made the appointment of women as police the first plank in their human platform to save girls from degradation and death.”

But to return to the interview with Harvey Pasha. It will be noticed from the remarks of the chief inspector of police that he and his staff were dependent on the goodwill, kindness, and assistance of a foreign consul in their efforts to suppress vice in the shape of gambling. From the flourishing state of other and

far more serious vice—I refer, of course, to the sexual vices rampant in Cairo—it would appear that no assistance has in this case been given to the struggling police by benevolent consuls.

However, what I wish to imply I will embody in a single sentence. Is it becoming or worthy of Britain to go, cap in hand, to any consul or consuls to beg their offices in the work of suppressing vice when the British nation is surely responsible, before God and man, for its suppression ?

The system which governs in Egypt—so far as dealing with immorality and its kindred abominations is concerned—is permeated with putrefaction, accumulated by the constant application of refined hypocrisy and arrant humbug. Wishing to gain knowledge first-hand as to the opinions of honest men in Egypt anent the moral condition of the country, I asked several well-known and worthy men to meet me and discuss the problem. We met, and were a very mixed congregation ; three or four different religions were represented. It was desired that our meeting should be quite private, except that I should be permitted to publish what I deemed of legitimate interest to the general public—of course, suppressing all names. That the reason for the latter course may not be misconstrued, by either the ignorant or malicious, I will explain that the degenerate, desperate daughters of foreign nations do not suffer with impunity any interference with their horrid trade.

Women should—in the natural, normal state—be soft, mild, gentle, pitiful and flexible. The women



who ply their fearful trade in Cairo are the abnormal species. They are, in very many cases, the antithesis of the pure, lovable woman; remorseless, flinty, obdurate, lustful, sexual savages with tigers' hearts set in women's frames. Once aroused to anger, they become insatiable in their insane passion for revenge. Even in their sanest moments they cultivate the vendetta as a means of redressing wrongs, or so-called wrongs; it will, therefore, be readily understood that they do not stand on much ceremony when their sexual madness is upon them. It is not enlarging on the side of the melodramatic to say that in such moments an insane woman of sin in Cairo would not think twice ere she plunged a knife into the heart of one whom she conceived to be striving to take away her licence to debauch and disseminate poison wholesale. For this and other reasons, some of which are perhaps political, all names are suppressed.

The concensus of opinion at that gathering was that Egypt in general, and Alexandria and Cairo in particular, were socially in a state of putrid mortification which urgently demanded the pruning knife of the social surgeon. All agreed, with marked enthusiasm, that Lord Kitchener had done wonders for the benefit of the people; his statesmanlike reform, his energy, ability, tact, and judgment had astonished his friends and confounded his enemies. But, withal, the social ulcer still festered and caused the most painful sights in every street. All admitted that to cleanse the place thoroughly, full power should go with British responsibility and that Lord Kitchener

should be given unfettered authority to do whatever be best for Egypt.

The frank generosity of this unanimous avowal on the part of my Egyptian friends quite astounded me, for one is hardly prepared for such an attitude after reading of the "discontent," "race hatred," etc., which one has served up, *ad lib.*, *ad nauseam*, in the anti-British papers of the country.

One aged Mohammedan gentleman said that England should either govern or cease to pretend to do so. Another quoted the text of our own scriptures freely: "Is it not written in your Book," he asked, "that 'By their fruits ye shall know them'?"

I acquiesced, and the pious Mohammedan surprised me further by repeating the remainder of the passage in his deep solemn voice:

" 'Do men gather grapes of thorns—or figs of thistles?"

" 'Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit and the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

" 'A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

" 'Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.' "

"If your prophet be in the right," continued the pious old man, "the future generations of Egypt will be known by having sprung from a blighted stock. No nation can be strong whose young are the offspring of weaklings."

I mentally admitted the solid sense of such an argument, remembering at the same time how

the Jew of old made the protection of his children's virtue the cardinal point of his religion and national honour. Does not the vigour of the Jewish race to-day bear witness to early virtues and purity?

"You English," exclaimed a Greek gentleman, a prominent and respected citizen of Cairo, "believe, as do we of the Greek Church, that a certain Biblical verse is especially applicable to Christians. I mean the oft-quoted lines: 'Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost his savour wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden underfoot of men.'

"Is my meaning clear?" continued the Greek, gazing interrogatively round the assembly. "But," as he was reassured by the earnest, intelligent faces confronting him, "Christians cannot claim to be the salt of the earth unless they apply themselves to the first principles of humanity and protect the young of a nation where their God has directed them their flag.

"What does Jesus of Nazareth say: 'No man, when he hath lighted a lamp, putteth it in a cellar, neither under a bushel, but on the stand where they which enter in may see the light.'

"In Egypt, the lamp of Christianity is certainly 'under a bushel,' for its rays of purity and goodness do not shine forth and by their powerful light expose the cankerous social evils that they may be rooted out. The strength of British laws is cast in the material direction, but, as no nation can serve God and mammon, the Christians of Britain had better take heed while yet there is time."

"Quite true," said another of the company (a follower of Mahomet), as he resumed the Greek's argument, "and did not St. Paul declare that your God will judge the world through The Man, His Son? His judgment will be just, and how shall you Christians escape His wrath for having neglected those whose care you say Christ especially entrusted to you?"

"I see nothing before you," he proceeded, "but to abandon the Christian faith as having failed, and embrace a faith which at least imbues its people with the fear of God. No man or woman worthy of the name in Cairo—or, for that matter, in all Egypt—desires the continuance of a policy which permits the deadly crime of sin against the young. All reasonable men—and I could name scores of my own countrymen, Greeks, and others, who agree with me on this point—wish the government of Egypt to be centred and set firmly in the hands of the British. They earnestly desire the abolition of the present very unsatisfactory government, the condition of which is caused entirely by the divisions of power that make justice and right a reproach and byword in Egypt.

"The task of making the voice of Egypt known amidst the conflicting tumult of the vast interest in the things of mammon is difficult," the same speaker added, "but I am in a position to assure you British that the whole-hearted support of all right-thinking Egyptians is with you. Your scripture runs: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.' Now is the time to fulfil that command. Never before was there such an awakening to the ravages of moral lawlessness and lust as there



is in Egypt to-day. The hour to engage men's minds on the exigency of the question is at hand, and the moment is propitious to act. The honest man is conscious that unless the vessel be clean, whatever one pours into it will turn sour; so will tarnished bodies produce tarnished children, and thus the whole nation will be tarnished. Egypt appeals to Christians through the Prophet to whom they pray. Will that appeal fall on deaf ears? "

The pious Mohammedan concluded his peroration, and a strange silence fell upon the gathering.

Such were the vehement remarks of a congregation of good, earnest men (Mohammedans and Christians); the voice of unity prevailed amongst them and its ring of truth and earnestness served to impress me, a stranger to Egypt, with the necessity for speedy and drastic action. Will Britain authorise her trusty son, Lord Kitchener, to act? Will she maintain her traditional prestige and lend her strong support to all that is pure in the light of truth?

The time is ripe; the hour has arrived. Let our country act now, and save the great Egyptian heritage from decay and ruin from within.

If our nation acts, it will be supported by the god of our guiding star, in the interests of a great people who only ask for purity, peace, and justice to enable them to work out their own destiny.

If the nation does *not* act, the riot of lust and uncleanness will continue, and we shall stand condemned before God and man.







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